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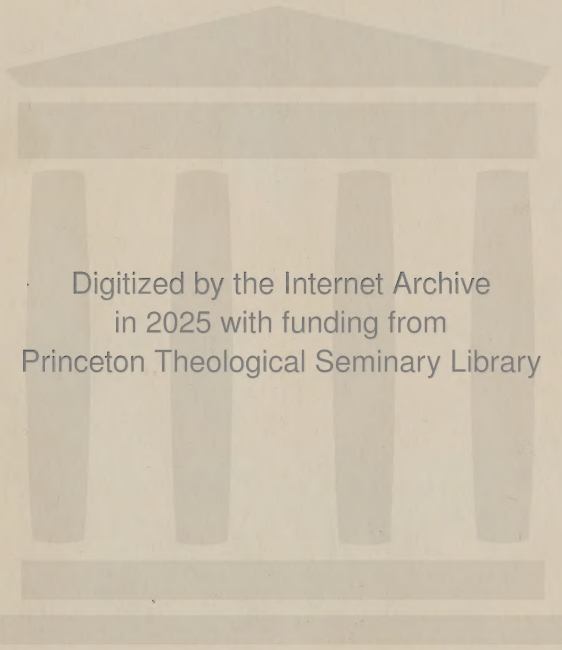
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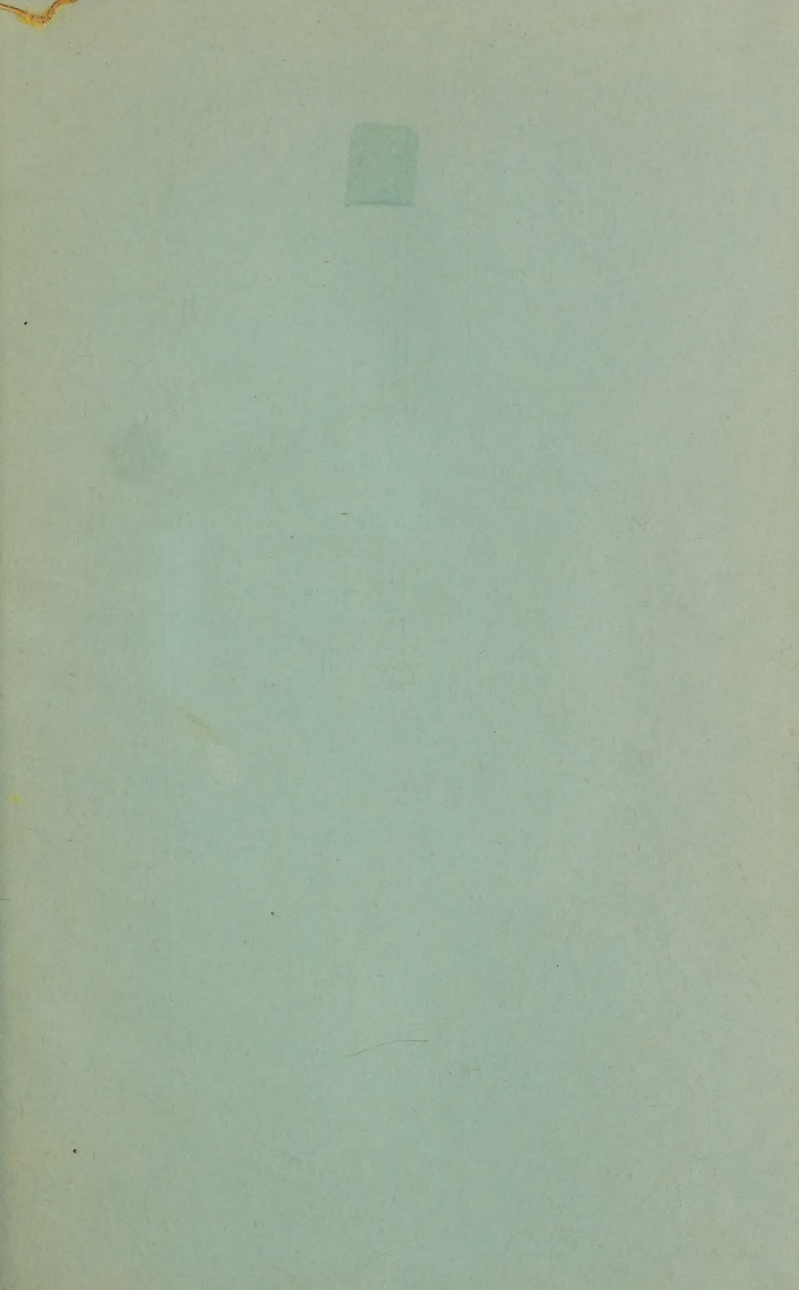


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The WEST INDIES and CENTRAL AMERICA



RIM OF THE CARIBBEAN

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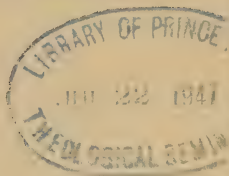
by

CAROL McAFEE MORGAN



FRIENDSHIP PRESS

New York



CAROL McAFEE MORGAN was born in Parkville, Missouri, and received her education in the public schools of Kansas City and Chicago. She took her four years of college work at Park College, which was founded by her grandfather. After graduation she spent two years in Syria in Near East Relief work, following this with a year of teaching in Isabella Thoburn College, in Lucknow, India. In 1925 she returned to Parkville and was married to the Reverend Barney N. Morgan. Immediately after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan went to Puerto Rico, Mr. Morgan as dean and Bible teacher in the Polytechnic Institute. Four years later Mr. Morgan accepted the superintendency of the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo. The family now lives in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, where Mrs. Morgan has continued her work of teaching and has also developed the music in the churches, especially the choir of First Church, Ciudad Trujillo, whose weekly broadcasts are eagerly listened to throughout many countries of the Caribbean area.

To
MY HUSBAND AND OUR THREE



MARY LOU, STANLEY, AND JUDY

FOREWORD

LOOKING AT A MAP OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, we see two great continents facing each other across the blue Caribbean. Lying between are the islands of the West Indies and the isthmus of Central America, veritable stepping-stones and a bridge. They, with the north coast of South America, encircle the Caribbean Sea, which Adolphe Roberts calls "Our Sea of Destiny." Time only will tell just what that political destiny is to be. But the people of this area have a physical, moral, and spiritual destiny which is the deep concern of the churches of North America, and which is the theme of this book.

When offered the opportunity to tell the story of the Evangelical churches and missions in the West Indies and Central America, I felt inadequate to the task. However, doing the seemingly impossible is part of every missionary's life. Knowing that my husband would stand by to advise and encourage and that a patient and sympathetic committee in New York would help with final writing, I set out to visit eleven countries. Everywhere missionaries and nationals were eager to help, giving unstintingly of their time and energy. Each country offered enough vital material to fill a book, and

FOREWORD

the reader may be assured that every page he reads is only a fraction of what I wish I could tell him.

Prayerfully, then, this book is sent on its way. May our North American young people go on and on in their study of Latin America and may they actively accept the responsibility of helping decide the destiny of their brothers who live on the rim of the Caribbean.

CAROL McAFEE MORGAN

Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic
April, 1942

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Chapter One

IN BETWEEN THE AMERICAS

THE SHIP WAS SCARCELY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS out from New York before everyone on board knew about the bride-to-be. She was young and attractive, and her excitement was of the contagious sort that made old and young cluster around her.

"Just think—the very day I land we're going to be married!" she marveled for the fourth or fifth time to a group of us who were sitting on deck, watching the girl rather than the blue-green sea and the brilliant waves.

"What does he do?" asked a new arrival, a girl who was going to Puerto Rico as a health worker. On ship-board, it doesn't take long to discover your neighbors' private lives.

"Oh, he's an engineer at Borinquen Air Field," the bride explained—as if most of us didn't know it already. "He'll be at the dock and we'll rush right over to Union Church for the wedding. Isn't it wonderful?"

"You'll like Puerto Rico." The girl who spoke was a Puerto Rican, going home for a visit, and her voice

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was wistful with remembrance. "It's beautiful there—flowers bigger than you'd ever dream of in New York, sunshine such as you Northerners seldom see—it's lovely, Puerto Rico."

"How about the cockroaches?" a Puerto Rican boy put in slyly.

The bride looked slightly alarmed. "Cockroaches?"

"Flying ones," he assured her solemnly.

"How do I fight them?" she asked with a shudder. "Shoot them?"

"Oh, no. Just set mousetraps."

The young people giggled and the bride shook back her hair and laughed with them. "Is that so! All right, you can't scare me. I guess Ken can kill cockroaches as well as anyone else, and I'll have all the oranges and grapefruit I want, and jasmine and roses in winter—so you can't scare me with your wild life!" She jumped up and said to a Puerto Rican businessman who had been smiling down at her, "Why do bananas grow upside down?"

"You'll find that out when you get to the island," he teased, and, as the bride and her companions started down the deck, he turned to me. "She'll do all right," he prophesied. "She'll make a fine home in the tropics. And that's important, because a wife can make or break her husband there, more so than in your country. But our bride's a good sport and she's charming and has a sense of humor—yes, she'll do all right."

After he had gone, I sat there thinking how different it all was from fifteen years ago, when North Americans

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went to the West Indies or to Central America as to far-away and foreign lands. Close by I could hear a North American voice asking, "How do you say 'malaria' in Spanish?" and a Puerto Rican giving the answer, then adding, "Learn the nouns, that's the most important. You can always act out the verbs with your hands."

That was good advice for a beginner, I thought, remembering how terrifying Spanish had been to a newcomer only a few years ago. Latin American ways were frighteningly strange then, and even on a ship the various national groups would have stayed ruthlessly apart, sufficient to themselves and fearful of attempting the other fellow's language.

But on this trip, young people from different countries quickly found interests in common, and had great fun exchanging views and information. There was a general camaraderie among the passengers that was fascinating to watch. They were a mixed group, too—office workers and air base builders, many of them with their wives; North American families returning to their homes and business interests in Puerto Rico; fruit growers of both nations; government representatives; schoolteachers; two inspectors for a bank; chemists for sugar plantations; a mechanic on his way to install the latest machinery in a soft drink factory. And they were all having a good time together, gathering at the radio corner to hear the news and cheer or groan when the Saturday football reports came in; interested in one another; learning from one another.

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The spirit of friendliness and understanding that was so marked among the passengers on our ship is growing today in many communities of the Americas.

One of the biggest factors in this new understanding is the radio, carrying Spanish to every corner of North America and English to every part of Latin America. Young businessmen of the Caribbean are clamoring for English classes, and students are competing for exchange scholarships in the universities. In 1941 it was estimated there were about twelve hundred Latin American students in the colleges and universities of the United States. Magazines and newspapers, North and South, contain sections of interest on all parts of the Western Hemisphere, and even children's periodicals are doing their share toward better understanding.

Must we say that this upsurge of friendliness arises only from fear of a common enemy? True, a deep concern for the safety of our hemisphere is today uppermost in the thoughts of everyone, but the seeds of the present cordial relations between North and Latin America were planted long before the war began.

Part of the cause was circumstantial. At the close of the last war a prostrate Europe held little attraction or possibilities for students from Latin America, who had previously gone to Paris or Madrid for advanced education, and they turned northward instead. What they found in North American universities persuaded them that here was the preparation best suited for life in this hemisphere, and the flow of students has continued steadily. Nor has the movement been one way only.

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Latin American universities have welcomed students from the North, especially for summer schools, and many hundreds have taken advantage of this opportunity to live and study in southern countries. Also, as a result of the first World War, the Latin American countries began to divert to North America an increasingly large share of the trade with Europe, on which they had depended almost exclusively in the preceding century. While North America was slow in opening her markets, this was accomplished before the present emergency and brought the business worlds closer together.

But doors of national friendliness and understanding did not swing wide open until the United States changed her entire political attitude toward her neighbors to the south. The story of the Good Neighbor policy is a long one and can be found in any modern history book. Briefly, the United States abandoned her practice of interfering in the internal affairs of the Caribbean nations, the last protectorates in Nicaragua and Haiti being withdrawn in 1933 and 1934 respectively. With this change a new political atmosphere began to spread throughout Latin America, and especially in the Caribbean areas, which had had most to fear from the United States.

No attitude of government alone can weld lasting friendships between peoples. It is the individual North American and the individual Latin American who must ultimately form the bonds that tie us all together as one inter-American family. Happily, this personal friendliness was growing before there was any possibility of a

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new government attitude. Businessmen, here and there, were developing mutual acquaintance and respect, and government representatives were doing their utmost to foster a spirit of good will. And along with these others who had been helping to build up a strong feeling of harmony were those untiring ambassadors of brotherliness from the North—the missionaries who have given and are still giving their lives to Latin America. Theirs is a message far deeper and more lasting than any to be found in an official portfolio—the message of the gospel of Jesus Christ.



The broadening of interests and sympathies between the United States and the countries of the Caribbean is an important phase in the development of the hemisphere, but numerous problems arise as we look ahead to closer and closer cooperation. In order to understand the present and future of Central America and the West Indies, it is necessary to know something of their background and history.

This area reveals some of the most colorful pages of the past. The story of Columbus and his dream of a short-cut to the wealth of India is a familiar one. On Christmas Day, 1492, he and his small band of men landed on the north coast of Haiti, "High Place" in the language of the aborigines. Claiming the island in the name of Spain, Columbus called it Española, "Little Spain," a name which, after several centuries, has reappeared on our modern maps as Hispaniola.

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After two unsuccessful attempts at colonization, the first permanent colony was established in 1496 on the south coast of this same island and was given the name of Santo Domingo, now Ciudad Trujillo. Here was the seat of the first Spanish colonial government; the site of the first Christian church; the first bishopric; and the first hospital. But most important to history, it was the cradle of all Spanish colonization for the Western Hemisphere. From here Ponce de León set out in 1508 to conquer Puerto Rico, then called by the Indians "Borinquen," and from here a rich plantation owner, Velásquez, conquered Cuba, beginning in 1511.

From the first, the Spaniards dealt ruthlessly with the Indians who lived in the islands. These aborigines were peace-loving Arawaks, who, according to Columbus, were "a savage people who go all naked, their skins colored with some painting of a reddish tawny, very personable and handsome strong men." But their strength was no match for the cruelty of the Spaniards, who distributed them among the conquerors in a system called the *encomienda*. In one distribution alone over a thousand were given to nine persons. They were put to work in mines or as beasts of burden on plantations, until they died off or killed themselves, which they did in appalling numbers. By the end of the sixteenth century the Arawaks had almost completely disappeared from the islands, and it is rare today to find any trace of these aborigines in the features of the people.

This treatment did not go unprotested, for the Indians were championed by certain priests, notably the famous

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Bartolomé de las Casas, who saw no other solution for the relief of the stricken native peoples than the importation of slaves from Africa. This was commenced as early as 1510, and by 1520 Negroes were being brought in by the thousands. But it was too late to save the Indians of the islands, and one evil gave rise to another.

Nor dare we as an English-speaking race condemn too severely our Spanish brothers! In 1713 the English government was made happy by being granted the contract, formerly held by the French, to furnish the colonies of Spain with a certain number of slaves each year, these to be captured in Africa, while certain English buccaneers did a thriving business in illicit slave trading.

On his fourth voyage, Columbus had sailed along the east coast of Central America, claiming it for Spain, but the land was not conquered until some time later. In 1509, two expeditions set out from Santo Domingo to found colonies on the mainland. Ojeda was given the north coast of South America and Nicuesa the land now covered by Panama, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Terrific hardships, starvation and sickness dogged the steps of these two men and the colonizers who accompanied them. Out of seven hundred who started out with Nicuesa, only a hundred were alive to build the fort at Nombre de Dios and not one was found well enough to stand sentry duty. Yet in that same year, the first permanent colony in Central America was established at Darién in Panama.

Cortés, after conquering Mexico in 1521, sent fleets

to explore the Pacific coast of Central America and the Gulf of Mexico, with the result that Alvarado subdued Guatemala, and Cristóbal de Olid occupied and colonized Honduras. Thus we have the beginnings of colonies in Central America which now form the six independent republics. The Indians of this area were not stamped out as were those of the West Indies, and consequently there are today several tribes of pure-blooded Indians in Central America, while Guatemala alone has an Indian population of around seventy-five per cent.

Central America never enjoyed any particular political glory, while that of the West Indies waned rapidly after the discovery of gold in Mexico and Peru. Before the middle of the sixteenth century the attention and efforts of the adventurers veered from the West Indies to the mainland, and the islands settled down to a sleepy life of agriculture: raising sugar cane, coffee, and tobacco for the markets of Europe.

Who were the Spanish aristocrats who flocked to the New World and founded the stock and social order that yet predominate in most of Latin America? They were the product of long wars in Spain, the struggle to oust "infidels"—Moors and Jews—from the Iberian Peninsula, a bitter struggle which culminated in the Inquisition. By the time of Columbus' first voyage, Spain had become the Catholic nation *par excellence*, and war and religion were the dominant interests of her citizenry. The type of Spaniard who came to the New World was primarily interested in seeking his fortune, not in col-

onizing or in bending his back to any type of labor for the betterment of the land.

There were no women accompanying these first adventurers, who seemed to have had no feeling against mingling their blood with that of the natives. The result was a mixture of races that has endured until this day. The Spaniards who came later were colonizers and brought their families with them. In the social order that developed, the European-born Spaniard was set at the top. Any of his children born in the New World, even though they might be of pure Spanish blood, were classed as Creoles, and while they were allowed to hold estates, they were denied offices in church and state. This system caused friction between the two white classes and played a part in the final revolution against Spain in the nineteenth century. Ranking below these white groups were the *mestizos*, who represented the mixture of Indian and Spanish blood. They were usually artisans, but sometimes on a par with the Creole. Next were the mulattoes—white and Negro—who did the coarser work, although many of them attained honorable positions. And at the foot of the social scale came the Negro and the mixture of Negro and Indian. Through the centuries the first and second have dwindled in numbers in both the West Indies and Central America, though they have not disappeared from either.

The most important social organization in Latin America, without reservation, was the Roman Catholic church. From the first it went hand in hand with the government. This relationship endures today in some of

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the countries. The conquerors were afire with zeal to spread the power of their church; their loyalty was fanatical, and they did not hesitate to use the sword to persuade converts. Undoubtedly they were sincere in their wish to spread their faith, yet they saw no inconsistency in ruthlessly slaughtering the natives and then giving towns such pious names as Trinidad (Trinity), Santo Espíritu (Holy Spirit), and Vera Cruz (True Cross).

The Indians of Cuba had heard of the terrible fate of the other islands and fought fiercely for three years before they were finally defeated. The story goes that one of the chiefs, named Hatuey, was captured and sentenced to be burned alive. The priests prepared him for death and urged him to be baptized first in order that he might go to heaven. Hatuey asked if heaven was where the Christians went, and upon being assured that it was, he replied that he had no desire to go to such a place.

During colonial days no church or monastery or hospital could be built without an order from the king of Spain, and unfortunately the church had to turn over a large part of its income to the royal treasury. That income was obtained by charging the natives for every service of the church, if not in money then in produce, and this system of revenue continues today in many countries. One priest of colonial times reported a yearly collection of more than two hundred sheep, five thousand hens and chickens, four thousand guinea pigs, and fifty thousand eggs. Churches were expected to be wealthy,

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and in many places actually owned a major share of all the property in the town.

The church also had complete control over education, and schools were conducted solely for the interests of a small class. There was no such thing as popular education, and the great mass of the people received no training at all except for that given in the public exercises of the church.¹ This attitude, persisting for centuries, has resulted in widespread illiteracy, which in some sections rises as high as eighty per cent of the population. And illiteracy means a backward people. It is true that twelve universities were established during the colonial period, several of them being older than Harvard, but they were open to a very privileged few. Any study of the Bible was prohibited, the clergy standing as the sole spiritual advisers of the people.



In the past forty years, since Spain withdrew from the New World, there has been a greater advance in Christian influence and in the spread of religious liberty throughout the countries of the Caribbean than in all the four hundred years of Spanish rule. And a large portion of this progress has been due to the efforts of the churches of North America.

Wherever they went in the Latin American world the missionaries threw themselves into the task of estab-

¹ See *A History of Latin America*, by William Warren Sweet, rev. ed., p. 142. New York, The Abingdon Press, 1929.

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lishing not only churches but schools, hospitals, public health instruction facilities and organizations for community betterment. The men and women who came to work in the islands were not on a temporary visit. They were there to live, and they fitted themselves into the daily routine of their neighbors. More and more as time went on they were able to rise above denominational divisions and cooperate to establish an Evangelical church growing out of the country and its people. Throughout this book we shall use the word "Evangelical" instead of "Protestant," for it is the word that our fellow-Christians in these lands use of themselves. It is truer to their spirit than the term "Protestant," since they are endeavoring to give a positive witness to their faith and to spread the good news of Christ to the hearts and lives of men.

In Central America the pioneer missionaries faced extreme difficulties—the fanatic resentment of the people, yellow fever and other health threats, roads that were scarcely trails and well-nigh impassable in wet weather, revolutions and earthquakes. But they persisted, and the results can be seen in churches, schools, clinics.

And what of the future? Certainly much remains to be done. With poverty still widespread, financial help will be imperative even in sections where the nationals now guide and direct the church. In other places missionaries cannot yet be spared from their work of training the leaders of the new nations, the men and women who must cope with the great social and economic prob-

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lems confronting them and find a fair and equitable solution in line with Christian ideals. Beyond all this are the districts still unreached and untouched, where superstition, illiteracy and poverty condemn families to misery and hopelessness and despair.

As I thought of these things, sitting there on the deck of the ship that was carrying me on the first stage of my journey, I remembered the contrasts that were apparent between villages and towns where Evangelicals had been at work and those where no outsider had penetrated. And I recalled the words of an eminent Puerto Rican judge: "The greatest thing North America ever sent us is her religion."



Chapter Two

THE WEST INDIES—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

AS WE BEGIN OUR TRIP TOGETHER ALONG THE rim of the Caribbean, let us first glance briefly at the West Indies as a whole—those islands that form the stepping stones between North and South America.

Never since the days of the first Spanish conquerors have the West Indies held as important a rôle in history as they do today. Their geographical position makes this inescapable, not alone because of defense in war, but because they are the meeting place of the two great cultures transplanted from Europe to the Western Hemisphere—the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon.

The political relationship of these islands to the United States may be stated briefly: Puerto Rico is a territory of the United States as a result of the Spanish-American war; the Virgin Islands belong to the United States by purchase from Denmark in 1917; while the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Cuba are now independent republics, although at one time or another they have been occupied by United States marines.

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The people of the West Indies represent various strains of blood. The Cubans, Dominicans, and Puerto Ricans are descended from the Spanish conquerors and colonists who, as we have already seen, mixed freely with the Indian and later the slave populations, so that today there is a considerable mixed population. The Haitians and Virgin Islanders are principally the descendants of slaves brought from Africa in the sixteenth century, with some mixture from other races. The first group, of course, speaks Spanish, although Puerto Rico is one of the best examples in the world of a bilingual area, as a result of her close contact with North America and the compulsory teaching of English in her schools. French is the official language of Haiti, although the masses use a mixed speech known as Creole; and curiously enough, despite long years of Danish control, English is spoken in the Virgin Islands.

In thinking of the Negroes and those of mixed blood in the West Indies and also in Central America, we must remember that they have not come through the deep waters of racial hatred as have the North American Negroes, and consequently do not feel a sense of inferiority because of dark or partly dark skin. This may be said in general, though North American influence, especially in Puerto Rico in recent years, has developed some color distinction that is most regrettable. West Indians going to the United States have suffered from ostracism because of their dark complexions, and many have returned to their homes with bitterness and even vindictiveness in their hearts.

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Climate plays an important part in the habits and living conditions of any people, and although the peoples of the West Indies are not one race, there are certain generalizations due to climate that will help us get a composite picture. The West Indies enjoys a mildness of temperature that is delightful. Doors and windows stand open the year round. The islands are lands of perpetual green, of flowering tree and shrub and vine, and of daily sunshine with a temperature of sixty to ninety degrees. On the other hand, there is no invigorating change of seasons. Christmas Day is little different from the Fourth of July, and the blood of a North American soon grows thin and subject to ailments unless he returns to the North occasionally to "get some cold weather." Summer in the West Indies is preferable to one in the prairie area of the Middle West, however, for trade winds, which are never hot, keep the air moving. But the breeze hunts no one, and if an obstruction shuts it off, a person is quickly reduced to a semi-liquid condition.

The old Spanish builders had the right idea when they made houses of adobe, with high whitewashed walls and flat roofs supported by mahogany beams. Many colonial houses are still in use, having withstood earthquakes and hurricanes better than many of modern construction. These may be painted any color of the rainbow, and because they are built flush with the street, one little guesses the beauty concealed behind walls and grilled windows until one enters a lovely quiet patio at the back, where tropical plants make a dream world that

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might well belong in the days of the sixteenth century.

Present-day buildings show a variety of styles, though reinforced concrete is the commonly used material. Sections of San Juan and Havana could be any prosperous apartment district of the United States, while homes of the wealthy are equal to those found anywhere.

For the country peasant, on the other hand, life is simple. His one- or two-room home may be built of split palm trunks, or of hewn wood, or even of kerosene tins flattened to a sheet and nailed together over rough wooden uprights. The roofs are often of corrugated iron or of palm leaves bound together over wooden supports. Adobe walls are also found in some rural areas, with usually a thick thatched roof of bunch grass. A lean-to at the back of the house provides shelter for a wooden work table and the little iron charcoal stove on which food for the day is cooked. No matter how poor the home, flowers will be blooming in the yard.

Because rural populations live so much in the outdoors, using the walls of houses only as protection at night, there is great lack of home life. Families do not sit down at a table for meals at regular times, but when hunger calls go with their plates to some shady tree or doorway. Their diet is simple, for they do not crave variety as do the upper classes, and most of their meals come from their little farms. Among the Spanish-speaking a meal of rice, red beans, and plantain (a green banana that cannot be eaten raw) and possibly a little meat or fish is satisfying, while essence of coffee with hot milk, and perhaps a dry roll, suffice for breakfast.

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Tropical fruits grow in abundance in the mountains.

But in the evening, the entire family or even several families wedge themselves into one or two rooms, with all windows and doors tightly closed to keep out "bad night air," which they believe carries malaria. They do not realize that such crowded conditions spread tuberculosis and many other diseases. This crowding is not a matter of economy; it is a custom that only education in the dangers of such living can change. The poorest homes may not own a bed, but hammocks swung from corner to corner of the hut, or even pallets on the dirt floor, are places of rest. Unsanitary conditions, especially in overpopulated areas such as Puerto Rico and Haiti, cause the spread of many types of intestinal parasites, which enter the system through bare feet. Shoes to the average countryman are luxuries to be carried over his shoulder and put on when he nears the town. A burro or horse provides his means of travel, and he may never venture more than a few miles from his home during his lifetime.

Now let us turn to the middle and upper class, who, though in the minority, affect trends of government and of society. Their home life is very similar to that of the same class in North America. Children are welcomed and cherished and their education planned for. Families of all classes are hospitable almost to a fault, supporting and protecting any needy relatives. For example, I once knew a young doctor who was trying to save toward his own home and at the same time was giving support to eight distant relatives. Respect of adults for the de-

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sires and opinions of their aged parents is a marked feature of home life throughout the Indies.

As we previously noted, there are new forces working for an increasing spirit of friendliness between the islands and the United States. Not least of these is the easy means of communication and travel, which have brought all parts of our Western Hemisphere close together. Today, a traveler may breakfast in Miami, lunch in the plane somewhere over Haiti, and have tea in San Juan, Puerto Rico, after unpacking his suitcase. He will have spent half an hour in Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, and that night may casually write in his diary: "Have been in five countries today, heard three languages, and flown over an ocean, a sea, a gulf, and two straits." In ordinary times an almost daily flying schedule makes possible hasty visits by businessmen, and planes are full with bookings far ahead. Mail, say from Pennsylvania, will reach its destination in the Dominican Republic within twenty-four hours of posting.

The vast expansion growing out of hemispheric defense has brought abrupt changes and numerous problems. The task being undertaken by Uncle Sam in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands is staggering. It is estimated that the complete cost of installation of the new naval, land, and air bases will be between fifty and seventy-five million dollars, most of it going into Puerto Rico. This means work and wages for the people of these islands. It also means that great numbers of boys from North America, taken out of their ordinary environ-

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ment, find themselves faced by loneliness and by new and puzzling situations in tropical countries. There are in most places, also, no resources available for wholesome entertainment and recreation. For those among them who are used to the services and help of Protestant churches at home, there are in many areas to which they are assigned no Evangelical congregations equipped to give them companionship and religious ministry. This is a development that cannot fail to concern the Christian church.

The entire island of Puerto Rico is concentrating its efforts on defense preparations. Country roads, whose quiet heretofore was broken only by oxen-pulled wagons or an occasional automobile, are now crowded by cars of every description, carrying defense workers to and from the camps. Road gangs are widening the highway over the mountains. Soldiers in khaki, Puerto Rican and North American, are to be seen everywhere.

The defense program extends also to Cuba, where Guantánamo Bay, leased as a naval base by the United States since 1903, occupies a strategic position in the protection of the Panama Canal. So far the island of Hispaniola has no large defense program, although tremendous air fields are under construction in both Haiti and the Dominican Republic for the Pan American Airways.

While some of the problems brought on by the present world crisis will adjust themselves, others will undoubtedly remain. The West Indies have been drawn into conflict; they will have a part to play in the reshaping

ing of a better world. And never before has the cause of Evangelical missions been more significant.

In the first chapter we traced briefly the entrance of the Roman Catholic church with the Spaniards and its dominant position as the state church throughout Latin America. In the West Indies, Evangelical missions met with less opposition from the Roman church than in Central America, and this fact explains somewhat the greater advance made here. Also, the churches of North America have shown deeper interest in the West Indies than in Central America. It would be impossible to explain the best to be found in the islands today apart from Evangelical missions. Better health and better education, without which no people can come into their own, have been fostered by the Evangelical forces from the first. The lives of the missionaries have exemplified the spirit of Christ, who said much about a man's neighbors long before there was a "Good Neighbor policy." And their influence is to be seen today in the splendid new spirit of interest and understanding between North America and the West Indies. This is the stuff of which a new world can be made and must be made, if the present world tragedy is not to be repeated.

The little islands of the West Indies will never again drowse contentedly under their tropical sun and let the world pass by. Their people are today wide awake, eager to be part of the great onward march for a better and more Christlike world.



Chapter Three

OF OUR OWN FAMILY

DOMINGO'S MOTHER WORKED HARD TO PROVIDE A living for her son and herself. For long hours she toiled in a factory, pasting labels on cigars. If the day was a good one, she might earn as high as sixty cents.

But on Sunday everything was different. Domingo's mother, who was a devout Roman Catholic, would put on her best clothes, scrub Domingo, and together they would go to mass. Domingo always accompanied her dutifully, although he listened wistfully to the sound of children's singing that came from the open door of an Evangelical Sunday school that they passed.

"Couldn't I stay here with them?" Domingo begged his mother.

She shook her head and hurried him on past. Every Sunday it was the same—the singing and Domingo's pleading and his mother's refusal. Then one morning she consented, and Domingo entered an Evangelical church for the first time while his mother went on to mass alone.

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Domingo found himself in a new world. Why, the teachers and the minister were actually interested in him, a little boy, and treated him as though they were all of the same age and friends. He went back again and again, and soon it was an accepted fact that Domingo should stop at the Evangelical church while his mother continued on her way to the Catholic mass. And as the years went on, the boy received a wider vision of what life could mean. He was encouraged to secure an education and prepare himself for work that would be valuable for himself and others. Domingo had long ago determined on what that work should be—the Evangelical ministry. But he was only a poor boy, and how was he going to get the training that would be necessary for his profession?

He and his mother were finding it increasingly difficult to live on the small sums she earned from the factory, and anyway Domingo hated having his mother work so hard. So when he completed the eighth grade he found a job in a sugar mill. That might have been as far as he would have gone, if it hadn't been for his companions in the church. Stimulated by their belief in him, he began attending high school classes at night, and with the help of the pastor was able to finish the course. Next came the Evangelical Seminary and then extra work in the University of Puerto Rico, where his record in law and Spanish studies was so fine that his professors wanted to send him to Madrid on a scholarship.

Domingo had not forgotten his early dream, and he knew by that time that only in one place would he be

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happy—in the ministry. He had met a young girl from the Blanche Kellogg Institute who was in complete accord with his hopes; they were married and for three years served in an isolated hamlet in the Dominican Republic, getting their strength and growth, so to speak, for the great work ahead.

Domingo Marrero and his wife now live just outside the campus of the University of Puerto Rico, where their home is the gathering place for scores of students and from which they touch the lives of hundreds. There are no funds for a social hall or a play room, but a ping-pong table stands on the balcony of the house and various table games are frequently under way. Many a homesick student comes through the gateway of the little garden seeking home atmosphere, and stays to talk over his troubles. The University, recognizing the value of this service, has given Señor Marrero a room on the campus where he may hold classes in religion, and, though no credit is given, a large number of students attend.

Any problem, whether social, economic, or spiritual, becomes Domingo Marrero's problem, and his own deep religious experience gives power to his words: "I tell the student about a dynamic God, and I tell him of my faith in a Personality."

The small home is crowded; every corner is needed. But one little room is set aside as a prayer sanctuary where students may slip in for a few moments of meditation. An illuminated picture at one end floods the room with the lovely light of a kneeling Saviour. Many

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a boy or girl will carry that picture in his mind for the rest of his life, as he fulfills the promise made in that quiet room: "Here I am. Use me."



Puerto Rico is a land of contradictions, of extremes. "Rich Port," as its name indicates, is one of the beauty spots of the world. Nowhere can a traveler go more than eighteen miles from the sea, yet in that distance he may journey from a balmy tropical beach to mountain heights where sharp winds make a wrap desirable.

Nature seems to have lavished all her gifts on the surface of this land, for she gave Puerto Rico no valuable resources underground. Moreover, she seems to have had an eye for the artistic rather than the practical, since only about a fourth of the land can be cultivated. The rest is set on end to make beautiful scenery—and such scenery! But people can't eat beauty, and the tourist's mecca becomes the poor man's misery. So the outlook darkens as we turn to consider these members of our United States family who live on their wee island at the count of about five hundred and forty to the square mile.

Puerto Rico's first great problem is that of feeding her people. Tremendous sugar plantations, most of them foreign owned, cover a large percentage of her tillable land, while tobacco and coffee come next, none of them subsistence crops. Theoretically every square mile that is available to grow foods would have to sup-

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ply eighteen hundred people. Consequently, most staple foods must be imported, and the pitifully low wages of the workman cannot buy nearly enough for himself and his family to eat. Thousands of people go to bed hungry night after night. The children are fortunate in receiving a hot meal in the public schools, but even the efficiency of the United States in providing a school system falls short when we realize that some forty per cent of children of school age cannot find room in the schools. And those who cannot get in forfeit even the one good meal a day, let alone an education.

Malnutrition anywhere leads to a serious health situation. Hookworm, malaria, and tuberculosis thrive under such conditions. One young American doctor doing interne service in the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan, the capital, wrote home:

There are always patients in the clinic from early morning till late at night, and though the afternoon clinic does not begin till two, they start coming in at twelve and the room is full at one. About half of those I've seen are anemic and undernourished children with little, thin, spindly legs that can scarcely carry them around. That type of case offers a problem the hospital can't meet. A little box of iron pills, and home they go to show up sooner or later with sprue or pellagra or beri-beri. They should have months of careful feeding, but unless they're tubercular there's no place in the island for them, and most of the T.B.'s aren't cared for.¹

The answer to the problem is by no means simple. There is no one type of organization or work that has

¹ From "A Junior Interne Writes Home," published by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions.

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the whole solution for Puerto Rico, or for any other people of the world. Her destiny must be worked out by the combined forces of government, of society, and of the church, and not least of these is the church, for its influence permeates every part of Puerto Rican life.

At the close of the Spanish-American War some seven denominations in the United States opened mission work on the island, not only churches, but schools, hospitals, and social centers. These denominations decided among themselves on the rural area each would serve, so that there would be no overlapping of efforts. It was recognized that in the cities there might need to be several denominational churches. The development of the Evangelical church in Puerto Rico in these forty years has been remarkable. Boys and girls taught in the Sunday schools and many of them later in mission schools have taken places of leadership in every branch of life.

When we realize that forty years ago all pastors were North Americans, that the burden of all the work was on the shoulders of missionaries from the North, and then realize that practically every church today is shepherded by a Puerto Rican pastor, we begin to understand the advance that has been made. Most of these pastors are graduates of the Evangelical Seminary of Puerto Rico, an interdenominational institution that serves not only Puerto Rico but counts among its graduates several nationals from the Dominican Republic and Cuba. Its location across the highway from the University of Puerto Rico makes possible a combined class schedule for those wishing to take university work. In keeping

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with the modern trend of continuous education, the Seminary is giving courses for pastors who can come to the city every two weeks for a few days of intensive study, and this has been a means of helping young men, and older ones, too, to continue training while serving their congregations. The faculty of the Seminary is Puerto Rican and continental North American, all the denominations on the island being represented.

Today in practically every town, church bells call children and parents to Sunday school and church, while in the cities and also in many towns full weekday programs are being carried out by the churches.

The rural sections on the whole are pitifully poor, yet the stories of self-sacrifice on the part of the people in building their own little churches would fill a book. Not long ago a cement chapel was being erected on a high ridge in one rural district. The money ran out and the pastor called the people together to devise some way of continuing the work. Forty women and children volunteered to carry sand from the foot of the mountain up the terrifically steep grade. And so, while the men were busy earning food for the families, the women and children literally got under the load for the sake of the church. The chapel, now finished, is always crowded at services, with a Sunday school of two hundred. It is not hard to understand why this congregation is distinguished by such a strong spirit of loyalty.



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Prominent educators in Puerto Rico are emphatic in their statement that one of the most outstanding contributions of the Evangelical church has been in the field of education. Not only have mission schools prepared leaders; they have been the inspiration to young people to go on into advanced studies. Together let's explore some of these training centers of the future.

In San Juan the Methodist mission conducts the George O. Robinson School for girls, which takes pupils through the eighth grade and even has kindergarten classes. This school was closed during the academic year 1941-1942 while much-needed new buildings were constructed. Now upon its reopening it will again take its place as one of the leading institutions of the island. Girls in Robinson are given very careful medical and dietary care. They work in the kitchen and dormitory, learning to be homemakers as well as students. Many graduates go on into the Presbyterian Hospital for nurses' training, although others must begin at once to earn their own living.

If we go on into the mountains, we come to a Baptist school—Barranquitas Academy, where a group of rural young people from seventeen different towns are studying. There is a dormitory for girls, but as yet none for boys. The students have shown a fine spirit in doing what they can for their school, raising pigs and chickens toward the six hundred dollars required for a library and also earning money for a much-needed science laboratory. Among the one hundred and ten graduates who have thus far gone out from the Academy there are

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twenty-five teachers, as well as several doctors, lawyers, and nurses.

Now we continue our journey by driving across the mountains toward Polytechnic Institute in San Germán. The highways are filled with United States defense workers, widening the roads, taking out sharp curves, and running trucks back and forth with men and supplies. War preparation is evident everywhere. But as we look up the mountainside and down the green valley, we see little thatched huts clinging precariously to the sides of the hills. There is something very peaceful and comforting about these tiny cabins. Children along the road greet us cheerily, many of them going home from school with books under their arms, and we wonder what their evening meal will be. War will some day be over, and the trucks and soldiers will disappear from the highways of Puerto Rico, but the homes will continue to cling to the mountainsides and children will continue to return from school.

Catch that odor? It's roasting coffee—the very symbol of hospitality. If we should stop at any of these houses, a cup of black coffee would be offered us for courtesy's sake, and we'd accept, not alone for courtesy's sake but because Puerto Rican coffee is delicious.

At last we reach San Germán and Polytechnic Institute, the only Evangelical institution of college grade to be found in the West Indies or Central America. Situated in the Santa Marta hills, Polytechnic enjoys a combination of beautiful scenery and fertile land that would be hard to surpass anywhere in the world. To

quote from its president: "The hills produce over four hundred tons of Guatemala grass for the dairy cattle each year, about the same amount of sugar cane, some coffee, bananas of a dozen varieties, vegetables, honey, and even tropical woods for the furniture of the buildings."

What does this have to do with a college education? Any kind of manual labor is too frequently looked upon by the Latin American as beneath his dignity, but Polytechnic has always stressed the dignity of labor. Work is a regular part of each student's schedule. Today many a graduate thanks Polytechnic especially for this side of his education. One former student is now attorney-general of the Virgin Islands. As he was showing me over the island of St. Thomas, we spoke of Polytechnic days when he was one of the boys in classroom and choir. When I asked him what the school had done for him, he answered, "Everything." Then he told of a purchase of land for a bathing beach cottage that he and two other Polytechnic graduates had made recently. "My part of building the house was to put in the doors and windows. While we worked we talked over school days, and agreed that we learned as much from Mr. Clarence in the work department as we did in the classroom. Most of it we have remembered much longer. At least, I'm not ashamed of those doors and windows," he added, grinning.

One of the outstanding features of Polytechnic is an excellent choral society, which not only conducts campus music but helps to raise musical standards by giving

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concerts in other sections of the island. Recently they made a week's trip to the Dominican Republic, where nightly programs were presented in the best theaters, and where they were welcomed as representatives of kindly feeling between the islands.

Many leading teachers and principals in Puerto Rican schools are Polytechnic graduates, as is the commissioner of education. The present dean of Polytechnic gave up the position of assistant commissioner of education to return to his college when he was needed. But the true worth of this institution is not to be measured alone by those who have gained positions of importance and influence in the professional world. It is rather to be found in the lives of the hundreds who have gone out into inconspicuous and humble places, there to live more richly in the service of their Master and their country.



Not only through classroom education do Evangelical missions work for the benefit of Puerto Rico. There is also an education for play and work, for a more satisfactory, intelligent way of everyday living. We will find it interesting to visit centers of such service in Marina Neighborhood House and St. Andrew's Craft Shop, both in the seacoast town of Mayagüez.

Marina is located in a district that is very crowded and very poor. One Puerto Rican helper at the house said: "At home the children live in such awful homes. They run the streets; they see so many dreadful things.

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They come to school here; they play and learn and see pretty things and are happy. They sing and laugh and have a good time. They know little but suffering and hunger and poverty in their homes. Here everything is happiness."

A simple tribute, that, but one that makes us think. A school of two hundred children in first and second grades, clubs, a clinic, and a schedule of meetings of all kinds, to say nothing of the crowded playground where children have to draw numbers and take turns using the swings, all keep the small staff of Puerto Ricans and continental North Americans busy from early morning to late night. The director of Marina says:

"We hope one of the public agencies will furnish a lunch for the poorest children so that they can have one square meal a day. A bit of bread and a half cup of black coffee is not a satisfactory breakfast for a six-year-old child, but for most of them it's that or nothing. It is no use to weigh the children or to tell parents what they should have to eat, because the parents of most can furnish no more than an existence diet. The children look better than you would think, but some are so tired and listless."

St. Andrew's Craft Shop, under the Episcopal church, is a fine example of a thriving business enterprise conducted on definite Christian principles. Seventeen years ago the best needlework to be found came from this church shop and the same is true today. The girls begin their day with prayer and religious instruction. Regular

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work with good wages and medical care for themselves and their families provided by the Craft Shop are a wonderful introduction to the joys and pleasures of the Christian life as taught and practised in the church. As the volume of needlework increases, its benefits are extended to other missions in Puerto Rico, and thus St. Andrew's helps other parts of the island.



Looming large among its contributions to this land is the ministry of healing fostered by the Evangelical group. As we discovered earlier, health is a serious problem, menaced, as it is, by poverty, overcrowding, and malnutrition. The church was the first to establish modern hospitals and nurses' training schools, and today supports three hospitals and two schools of nursing, the largest number of Evangelical medical institutions in any one of the Caribbean countries.

High on a hill over the city of Ponce and the blue Caribbean, stands St. Luke's Hospital (Episcopal), with beds for seventy-five patients and approximately twenty-five girls in training. "Enter to learn; go forth to serve" is the motto of these nurses who are finding out how to care for their own sick people. The head nurse is a continental North American girl who was born in a missionary home on the island and consequently speaks both Spanish and English. Any questioner as to the value of medical missions should take a trip with Miss Huse through her hospital, watch the efficiency of the

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nurses, and the happiness on the faces of the patients. He could never say, "It doesn't pay."

Ryder Memorial Hospital (Congregational Christian) in the town of Humacao serves the mountain people, and the daily clinic is a main feature, though the hospital accommodates many who need hospitalization. Though small, this hospital means the difference between health and lifelong illness to thousands of Puerto Ricans in the surrounding mountains.

Located in Santurce, a part of Greater San Juan, is the largest and oldest of the hospitals, El Presbiteriano, the outgrowth of two day clinics that were started by the first medical missionary in 1901. Since that day, over a million charity cases, as well as many thousands of paying patients, have been cared for by this hospital. Now there are one hundred and twenty beds, and the hospital treats approximately thirty-three thousand patients annually, of whom some thirty thousand are clinic cases.

But caring for the sick is not the only service offered by El Presbiteriano. Seventy Puerto Rican girls are in nurses' training, and as they graduate they are in great demand in all branches of public health service, as head nurses in other hospitals, and to fill vacancies in their own hospital.

It would seem that no matter how large El Presbiteriano may become it will never be big enough. With the recent building of a nurses' home and the subsequent enlarging of the capacity for patients, one might think that the problem of "no room" would be relieved; yet

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such words as these are an old story among the staff members: "Couldn't we call it an emergency and put up an extra cot in the corridor outside the men's ward? He's been waiting for an operation so long and his heart might weaken." "Poor woman, they had to start down from the hills on muleback at two this morning to get her here before dark, and yet there's no bed for her. What can we do with her?" But the doctors are also able to report such stories as this:

A woman seriously ill in the hospital needed a blood transfusion. She was asked who there was in her family or among her friends who would be willing to give her the necessary blood. "No one," she answered. "No one in the world cares that much for me." When Mr. Seda, the local pastor, found her crying bitterly one day he wrote to the minister in her section, inquiring if there was no one who would give the blood, as her case was desperate without it. He found that her words were only too true. Her relatives and neighbors all refused to be donors. But one day an American sergeant in military service expressed his gratitude for help that had been given his wife and asked if there was anything he could do in return. The case of the woman was explained to him and he gladly gave his blood. The woman was so affected by this generosity that she became an eager and faithful member of the church, for she said that she had found the love of God in the hospital when she had thought there was no love anywhere.

Mr. Ángel L. Seda, a Puerto Rican pastor, is giving his entire time to this hospital, holding daily clinic ser-

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vices and services for nurses, following up social problem cases, and performing similar tasks. He says of the clinic patients: "Looking into their hearts we learn that they have a great spiritual unrest. Through the religious activities they learn that what is being done for them is an expression of the love of God. They hear of a Saviour who is interested in their well-being and happiness and who wishes not merely to heal them but to save them. The light is shining in many homes where the gospel was taken by a healed soul, and many lives are happy because of the Word preached in the hospital."

We cannot leave El Presbiteriano without noting that it rates as Class A in the United States and is the only hospital in the West Indies that is accredited for the training of internes.



Puerto Rico truly needs all those who are dedicating their lives to the service of the Master, from the young university students inspired by the encouragement and example of men like Domingo Marrero to the humblest dweller in the mountains. The message of Jesus Christ is today a leavening power at work throughout the entire region. Though national leaders are gradually taking the place of North American missionaries, the responsibilities of the churches of North America are far from ended. They must continue financial help; and in certain branches of the work, missionaries from the North will be needed for some time to come.

Puerto Rico's problems are our problems. Her intelli-

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gent sons and daughters are standing shoulder to shoulder with partners from continental North America in trying to solve the issues that confront her. Legislation will help, public education can be a tremendous power for good, social and medical organizations have their place. But there is only one thing that will bring the life abundant to Puerto Rico—the gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

On my last visit to Puerto Rico I had time for a brief side trip to the Virgin Islands by the boat that runs from San Juan twice a week.

As we approached the islands in the uncertain light before sunrise, they appeared completely gray. Our vessel was inching along, her propeller scarcely making a throb, as we slipped through opalescent water toward the best known of the Virgin Islands—St. Thomas. Three short blasts from our whistle struck the hard side of the mountain and bounced from rock to rock until they were lost in the distance. Now we could see tiny splashes of green and the yellow of flowering cacti as we came close to Charlotte Amalie, the only city on St. Thomas. Palm trees were noticeably absent and there was little of tropical aspect anywhere. But because they are different, these islands have a charm all their own.

Formerly the Danish West Indies, this group of islands is today the Virgin Islands of the United States. The three largest, St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John, would make one hundred and thirty-three square miles

if pushed together, while the populations total almost twenty-five thousand. Why did Uncle Sam pay twenty-five million dollars to Denmark in 1917 for these piles of barren rock and what good are they to us now? We may be able to answer those questions better as we continue to struggle through the present world crisis, for their position is strategic. They are defense bases of the United States.

The people of the Virgin Islands are Negro, brought from Africa in the sixteenth century to work on European-owned plantations. Because of their English and Danish heritage, they are largely a Protestant people and so their churches are not strictly mission churches, although they receive financial aid from continental North America. The pastors in St. Thomas, North Americans and British, work together in a fine spirit of cooperation. Recently they accomplished a union effort in education. The enterprise included the Roman Catholics, which is a big step forward in any part of the world. The Board of Public Education agreed to set aside an hour a week in the high school when all pastors may give religious instruction to the children of their congregation and any others who care to enter. There was no problem, as they had feared, of the student who had no church affiliation, for everyone knew which class he wanted to attend. The Virgin Islanders are naturally religious. Their church is the center of most of their social life and their knowledge of church hymns and types of service show a long Protestant heritage. All of the churches have young people's societies, and the Luth-

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eran League includes groups on St. John, St. Croix, and St. Thomas. Once a year they have a united gathering that is a big event for the young people of the Lutheran church.

St. Croix, forty miles south of St. Thomas, boasts two cities, Christiansted and Fredriksted, both of which are being greatly affected today by the influx of American soldiers. The cultivable land on St. Croix is held by a small group of families, many of them absentee land-owners. Their sugar plantations bear names that suggest romantic stories: "Betty's Hope," "Morning Star," "Rust and Twist," "Judith's Fancy."

Some forty years ago a children's home was opened in Christiansted by the Danish Lutheran missionaries, and here today a visitor will find Sister Maren, a little Danish woman, mothering her flock of twenty-four children in the Queen Louise Home just as she has been doing since its opening. Other deaconesses have come and gone, many of them having to leave because of health, but Sister Maren still remains to care for her "sick, neglected, or motherless and fatherless children." Every child is an individual to Sister Maren and she studies his possibilities. A girl clever with a needle is taught dressmaking, and one who shows interest in business is helped to develop that talent. "So, we labor day by day," she said, "doing the work of mercy, teaching the children to pray to God, the great Physician, teaching them to lead clean lives, and praying that our work shall not be in vain."

I felt I had known Sister Maren always as she greeted

me with sincere welcome on Easter morning. Her children were getting ready for church, and there was much combing of hair and tying of ribbons, and a score of questions to ask Sister Maren. As we stood on her balcony, looking down at her parched garden, our conversation naturally turned to water. The islands were then suffering from a drought more severe than any on record. Water was being shipped from Puerto Rico, likewise a sufferer from the drought, and sold by the can. The islands depend on wells or on tanks that catch rain-water after it runs off cement slabs built on the mountainside for the purpose, and all this because there is not a river on any of the islands.

"You will surely have rain soon," I ventured.

Sister Maren smiled. "Yes, the Lord has never forsaken us." Those words had a deep significance, for she was not speaking alone of water. There had been very hard times after the last war, when no more money was coming from Denmark, and she did not know what was to happen. It was indeed a happy day when she knew that the United Lutheran Church in America would be able to carry on their work in the Virgin Islands.

The pastor of the Lutheran church is a wide-awake young American whose morning service was perfectly conducted. The building was filled with black faces, with here and there a white person. A deep spirit of worship, the fine message, the choir that closed the service with the "Hallelujah Chorus," all made for an ideal Easter. And during the sermon rain began to fall, and before the day was over both St. Croix and St. Thomas

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were deluged, carrying out the old tradition that rain always falls on Easter week-end.

A part of the United States family also are the Virgin Islands. Small though they are, they, too, have an important rôle in binding all the Americas together into an Evangelical force for the future.



Chapter Four

MOTHER OF THE NEW WORLD

THE OLDEST SETTLEMENT IN THE WESTERN world and the newest undertaking in missions are both to be found in the Dominican Republic. Columbus, reporting to Queen Isabella his discovery of Española on Christmas Day, 1492, wrote: "I tell you, there is not a better people nor a better island." Occasionally there may enter this chapter a personal echo of those rather strong words of the Great Discoverer, for I have lived in the Dominican Republic for many years, and who can be expected to tell of home without a flare or two of pride?

Nowhere else in this hemisphere can one better reconstruct the atmosphere of early Spanish days than in Ciudad Trujillo (old Santo Domingo city), the first permanent European colony in the New World. There are well preserved ruins of seven buildings constructed before 1550, and others that date from the early sixteen hundreds. Moonlight nights on the shore of the Ozama River carry one back four hundred years, and imagination is not taxed to picture white-winged caravels enter-

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ing from the sea, bearing fortune hunters from old Spain. What the eye may actually see, however, is a ship of Jewish or Spanish refugees, who have been coming by the hundreds to the Dominican Republic.

Facing Colón Park, with its statue of Columbus, stands the oldest cathedral in the Americas, erected between 1523 and 1540. Within its walls are preserved the first wooden cross used in the cathedral, an oil painting brought by Columbus on his second voyage as a gift from Isabella and Ferdinand, an original painting by Murillo, silverwork by Cellini, and a roomful of precious jewels and medals. Most striking of all is the marble mausoleum under which rest the bones (more correctly, the dust of the bones) of Christopher Columbus. Other countries also claim his remains, but most historians agree that when his body was supposed to have been removed to Cuba in 1795, that of his son Diego was taken instead, and Columbus still lies in the land he loved and where he asked to be buried. The mistake was uncovered in 1877 when the altar in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo was being repaired, and workmen came upon a little metal box bearing the inscription in Spanish: Christopher Columbus—Discoverer of America—First Admiral. On October 12 the elaborate bronze trunk that now encloses the lead casket is opened by three keys, and school children pass by the hundreds to pay homage to the great man whose resolve to “Sail on” brought his ships to their north coast.

The Dominican Republic, sharing Hispaniola with

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the republic of Haiti, occupies the eastern two-thirds of the island. The people are predominantly Spanish-speaking, many of them tracing their ancestry to colonial days. Four times the country has fought for and gained her freedom from foreign powers.

Fifteen years ago Santo Domingo, now Ciudad Trujillo, looked the part of the oldest colony of the hemisphere. Today it is one of the prettiest and cleanest cities in the whole Caribbean, and this new aspect grew out of a tragedy. Throughout history, nature has repeatedly taken a hand in deciding the destinies of men, wiping out colonies by plague, shipwrecking adventurers set on conquest, leveling towns and countrysides with hurricanes.

Ordinarily, these violent, destructive storms come during the later summer months, and there is a little rhyme to the effect that:

June, too soon
July, stand by
August, don't trust
September, remember
October, all over. (Maybe!)

But when the warning was flashed on that third day of September, 1930, few in Santo Domingo took it seriously. No one could remember when a severe hurricane had visited their island, although two had devastated Puerto Rico shortly before. The city was not prepared for the punishment it was to receive through those black hours of fury when houses crumbled, trees were laid

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flat, and even the green grass was battered into straw.

Our own little family finally took shelter under the front porch when the house seemed doomed. When the wind at last became just a wind and no longer a solid wall of force, we crept through black night, over débris that had once been homes, to the basement of the house next door where the homeless community was gathered. As we studied worn faces in the flickering lamplight and asked if they had lost everything, the answer was always the same: "Nothing matters but life tonight, Señora!"

Nor was the city prepared for the days after the storm when three thousand bodies were dug from ruins to be buried or burned, while ten thousand injured lay in emergency hospitals. But the Evangelical forces were alert to take up the task to be done for humanity. By dawn the next day, one of their leaders was on his way to see the President of the republic, who told him to requisition any building he needed for an emergency hospital. Clothing, food, supplies of all kinds, and powdered milk for babies brought by the American Red Cross were distributed by Evangelical workers. In one day they gave out more than a thousand bottles of milk, all prepared with boiled water. No doubt this care for the babies had much to do with general health conditions in the months after the storm. For, in spite of the fact that everyone predicted an epidemic of some kind, none followed.

For years Santo Domingo lay stunned, every block showing homes in ruins and people living in one or

two remaining rooms. Then came the reconstruction period, out of which the present beautiful city of Trujillo has grown.



And now we come to the newest undertaking in missions, for not alone have Evangelical workers shared in rebuilding, both cities and lives; they have also been building. This pioneer mission enterprise was started in 1920, when home mission agencies of three denominations—Methodist, Northern Presbyterian, and United Brethren—agreed to form the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo. These churches determined to ignore denominationalism in the interest of developing an Evangelical work that would be rooted in the life of the Dominican people, a truly indigenous church, with the sole purpose of interpreting the message of Jesus Christ.

There had been Protestant workers on the island before the formation of the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo. In 1824, when the whole territory belonged to Haiti, her president, feeling the need of a larger population, invited North American Negroes, freedmen, to settle along the north coast, and several hundred colonizers accepted the invitation. They soon appealed to their homeland to send them pastors, but this the churches failed to do. Finally their plea was answered by the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England, and the first church was organized in Puerto Plata in 1834. Until 1931 this work continued, largely in

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English for the descendants of these early colonizers. That year the Board for Christian Work agreed to take over their churches, since the mother church could no longer provide support. So, in another sense, the oldest has become part of the newest in missions.

In 1908 the Free Methodist Church took over the personal work of a self-supported missionary from the United States, who came to the island in 1889. The son of this missionary is today the superintendent of the Free Methodist mission. Their work is in the center of the republic, where they carry on general evangelism and a fine young people's program. The Instituto Evangélico provides an eighth-grade education for boys and girls, and, along with it, definite training in Christian leadership. There is a splendid spirit of cooperation and mutual helpfulness between this group and the Board for Christian Work, and many of their girls enter nurses' training in Hospital Internacional, one of the enterprises of the Board in Ciudad Trujillo. The English-speaking colonies, both white and black, are cared for by the Episcopal church, which confines its service largely to those who came to the island as Evangelicals.

The forerunner of the Board for Christian Work was a small mission started on the south coast of the Dominican Republic by the Evangelical churches of Puerto Rico, and they gladly turned over their work to the Board. They had naturally used Puerto Rican pastors, and the Board for Christian Work continued this arrangement, the advantages of which are many. Problems of differing psychology and language have been

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largely avoided by this use of Puerto Ricans, who in turn have given place through the years to Dominicans as they have grown into leadership. From the beginning there have been comparatively few continental North Americans on the staff, and there are fewer now than at any time. Today there are three Puerto Rican pastors, the general superintendent of the Board and the superintendent of nurses are Anglo-Saxon, and the rest of the staff are Dominicans.

Briefly, the Board for Christian Work is responsible for eleven organized churches, nine other congregations, two day schools, an eighty-five bed hospital, a nurses' training school, a bookstore, and a program of social service.

If we who are serving under the Board were asked to point out the main strength of the churches in the Dominican Republic today, we should say unhesitatingly, their young people. Everywhere they are in places of leadership, having their representative in the annual assembly of pastors and laymen, carrying on a well organized interchurch federation, helping in a weekly broadcast, and forming choirs that band together in a national organization.

But the strength of these young people does not depend entirely on organization. Their high standing in the government schools is out of all proportion to their number. The highest ranking student of 1941 in the largest public girls' high school in the republic is a member of the Evangelical church; the Queen of the University for the same year, chosen because of popu-

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larity by the students, is a Sunday school teacher in First Church.

Youth leadership for the churches is largely the product of the young peoples' summer conferences held each year: a week of study and worship and rededication that does for the Dominican boy and girl what such conferences do for the youth of continental North America. The Dominican young people return to their churches, not to work under a corps of older, trained leaders, but to be, themselves, the pioneers and a source of inspiration to others.

One group from a remote town was so enthusiastic after their experience in such a week of fellowship that they went back home to set up a conference of their own. The spirit they put into it made the new conference a great event both for the town and for the local church.

A drama, woven around the theme of dedication, is presented on the last night of the conference each year and is attended by tremendous crowds. In an audience totaling a thousand, one August night in 1941, sat a schoolteacher. He had changed his outlook since a day long ago when he flew into a rage on finding a Bible on the desk of one of his boys. In the assembly, too, was Julio Postigo, manager of the Librería Dominicana (the Evangelical bookstore). Imagine his deep happiness and satisfaction as he greeted his former teacher, who had vented his wrath on him many years before in the classroom.

One summer the little oil lamp, used to light individ-

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ual candles for the rededication service following the drama, was taken back to Puerto Rico by a guest teacher from that island. "This little light," he said, "will be as a symbol of fellowship between the young people of the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rican young people. From it we shall light our candles at our next conference."

There are fascinating stories of contacts made with strangers who happen around when Evangelical young people are gathered together. A bread man, who made deliveries at the home where conference members were staying one summer, became curious about them. "Who are they?" he asked, and by way of answer he was invited to attend the chapel nearest his home. Here he found Christ, and life changed completely for him and his family. Because, under Christ's influence, he learned to govern himself, he found that money once used in gambling and careless spending began to accumulate, and soon he was able to buy a cart and horse to take the place of his pushcart. Then he had more spare time, and he devoted an hour here and there to building a new home for his family. He had been holding a Sunday school in his house on Sunday afternoons with the help of two First Church young people. When he moved into the new home, he proudly handed over the keys of the old one to the superintendent of the mission for use as a chapel.

This little place of worship is now full to overflowing on Sundays. Recently we attended a Monday night meeting of Holy Week services there. The walls were bulg-

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ing with a hundred people inside, and extra benches and chairs brought from neighboring houses accommodated a hundred outside. The two boys who started the work, one of them a student in the University, had charge of the service that night. They are both active fellows who might easily have pleaded "too busy." But they gave their efforts to this one thing more, which is bringing Christ's words to hundreds of people.

The Christmas play of 1941 was given before an audience of some eight hundred in First Church. One of the small churches in a poor section asked that the young people repeat it for them, and they agreed to do so. When the night came, rain had made the mud roads in that part of the city all but impassable. But according to best stage tradition "the show must go on," and it did, for an audience of two hundred, a quarter of them standing in doors and windows.

At the light switch that night, giving light and dark to the room as needed, stood a soldier whose smile is always the most noticeable thing about him. Those who know Don Pedro know why his handclasp is always so firm and his smile so sincere. Not always has his hand been steady enough to handle even switches, though he is electrician for an ex-president of the republic. And not always has his face been so happily lighted. Drink and gambling had controlled this man's life until the day when he found a Friend who remade his whole existence.



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It is seven-forty by Eastern Standard Time in the United States. In the broadcasting room of Station HIN,¹ the announcer is saying in Spanish: "The hour is exactly eight o'clock. We present to you, ladies and gentlemen, the Evangelical Hour of the First Evangelical Church of Ciudad Trujillo." The young people of this church choir are standing before the microphone, as they have stood every Thursday night for over seven years, spiritually facing their audience of thousands who they know are worshipping with them. Letters come from all parts of the Caribbean, continental North America, and from as far west as the Philippines. From England came a letter written just before Christmas, 1940. Above the noise and tumult of war, a listener had heard the message of "Peace on Earth" from this little island in the Caribbean.

The radio service lasts an hour and includes a simple Christian talk either by the Reverend Enrique Rivera, whose voice has become familiar to listeners, or by an occasional guest speaker. Among the pastors of the Evangelical mission in the Dominican Republic today is one who made his decision to enter the ministry because of the messages he had heard during this Evangelical Hour, as he sat quietly in his little room in Venezuela.

Whether it is the Sunday service when, white robed, they take their place in the chancel of First Church, or whether before the microphone in the stifling hot radio room Thursday nights, this group never enters a service

¹ This station broadcasts on 6.2 megacycles, in the 49 meter band.

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without prayer together. For their one reason for existing as a choir is to manifest God's spirit to a listening and suffering world.

But life is not all seriousness for Dominican Evangelical youth. A little over a decade ago the following statement was written about the Dominican Republic: "No other group has suffered as much as its youth. There is almost a complete absence of any expression of that irrepressible joy that finds its outlet through the channel of play."

Dominican young people would never recognize themselves in that description today. Good times together have just as much place in their lives as the more serious moments. There are athletics, for instance. If we pause in the patio of First Church, we are likely to see a group of young people coming down the stairs from the athletic court. There is the superintendent of the Sunday school, a university boy, arguing and gesticulating while the church pianist, mopping a very wet and very red face, laughs delightedly at his criticism of her method of playing volley ball. The crowd fills the stairway, all talking and all waving their arms. Another group is leaving the court by the side door, hot and tired and happy.

The program of wholesome athletic activity had its birth in organizations started by the Evangelical director of social work, including one of the first tennis clubs (and now every few blocks in the city boasts one), the first volley ball and basketball teams, and the Boy and Girl Scouts. Today, athletic teams are part of the high

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school and university schedules, and on these teams Evangelical boys are known for their good, clean sportsmanship.



Luis had made a fine talk at a meeting of the Boy Scouts, and the social director asked if he would repeat it at a church service. Luis was a high school lad, quite serious in his conduct and with a dream of becoming a doctor in medicine. He also loved music, and he listened intently to the singing when he came to church for his speech. A short while after that, he joined the struggling group of young people who formed the choir. At that time the members could not read the notes, as they do now, and everything had to be learned by rote. But from the time he entered, Luis was always faithful, even through university days when he might easily have followed the example of others who begged to be excused because of preparation for examinations. Not Luis—nothing prevented him from being in his place.

Then came his graduation day, and the Board for Christian Work decided to send him to the Brooklyn Methodist Hospital to specialize in x-ray. During that year, Thursday nights always found Luis beside his radio in his room in Brooklyn, worshipping with his home choir and pastor. Knowing that Luis was there helped those in front of the microphone, and for him, it was an hour of real inspiration.

Now Luis is back among his own people again, serving as x-ray doctor in the Hospital Internacional. He is

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also assistant director of the choir. And no one knows better than he how aimless and futile his life might have been were it not for the social work and music of the church.

The Hospital Internacional, where Luis is at work, stands on a hill at the edge of Ciudad Trujillo, and is one of the great contributions of the Board for Christian Work to the Dominican Republic. It contains eighty-five beds, and ministers through its clinics, wards, and private rooms to more than nineteen thousand cases a year. In 1941, the clinic patients numbered over seventeen thousand and the bed patients over eighteen hundred.

Long before time for the daily clinic to open, the sick persons begin to arrive, their faces marked by suffering, many of them far more ill than they realize. If they need hospitalization, they are admitted, whether they can pay the one dollar daily ward fee or not. The free baby clinic on Tuesday afternoon is always a howling success! An average of forty-five babies are weighed and the mothers advised on care and feeding. This service is not limited to children of the poor, for even wealthy mothers need advice, which is most difficult to find except in the Hospital Internacional. Expectant mothers may come to a Thursday afternoon clinic, and in 1940 their attendance averaged seventy each session, sometimes running over a hundred. The beneficial effects of this service are apparent in the improved health of the children whom these mothers later bring to the baby clinic.

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The professional staff of the hospital consists of six Dominican doctors; five medical student internes; eight nurses, graduates of the hospital, who supervise the floors and help in the training of the twenty-five student nurses; and their superintendent, the only Anglo-Saxon.

Hospital Internacional as it is today is a far call from the small rented building of its early youth, when two brave American women, with a slight knowledge of Spanish, gave themselves in a ministry of healing to a people who considered a hospital merely as a place in which to die. They opened the training school for nurses in a country where there was no tradition of nursing, and where no woman but one of the servant class would stoop to manual labor. The years of faithful struggle have overcome these prejudices, and the Hospital Internacional has grown to be a beloved and trusted friend of the Dominicans.



Among the institutions working toward a finer citizenry is the University of Santo Domingo. The original institution, whose charter dates back to 1538, was a school of philosophy and the seat of learning for the priesthood. Gradually this was changed until the University offered no cultural courses but became a series of professional schools only. Then in the 1930's there developed a feeling that Dominican youth should be given the opportunity to enlarge their vision and strengthen their culture through a modern school of arts and philosophy, and such a school was established as

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part of the University in 1939. Since its beginning the superintendent of the Evangelical mission and his wife have served on the faculty as teachers of English. To open up the great field of written and spoken English to these eager students is a most satisfying and happy experience.



In one room of First Church is the Librería Dominicana—the Evangelical bookstore managed by Julio Postigo, that consecrated young Dominican who dared to have a Bible on his desk at school when he was a boy. Over the counter or in the visiting room behind, he meets all classes of people and serves them all. This store is the distributor for the republic of the magazine *Selecciones*, a monthly periodical published in Spanish by the *Reader's Digest*, and containing articles from the *Digest* of interest to Latin America. At the suggestion of the editors, people in continental North America are giving initial subscriptions of *Selecciones* to someone in Latin America with cultural or business interests similar to their own, to be sent with their personal card. It would be difficult to estimate the good this has done in promoting international friendships.

The bookstore was the first to bring in reading material, maps, and books in English, and it always keeps up with the best obtainable in Spanish. Refugees may be found any time in the lobby or classrooms with reading material provided by the Librería. They are discovering in these printed pages relief from the difficulties

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and sorrows of the past, and inspiration and courage for the future.

This influx of refugees into the Dominican Republic at the invitation of her government has laid at the door of the Evangelical forces an added responsibility. Not only must individuals be helped, and funds and clothing from North America distributed, but homeless men and women must be given a motive for reestablishing themselves and for winning back the faith many have lost. A representative of the Friends mission is now working among the refugees, using the equipment of First Church and making that his headquarters.



The Dominican Republic was the mother of the New World. She harbored the first colony from Spain, and from her shores went the explorers and conquerors into the rest of the West Indies. Today another new world is being born. Symbolic of its spirit are the plans that have been made by twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere to build a lighthouse in memory of Columbus, to stand near the cathedral where his remains lie. No ordinary red or white light is to be the beacon of safety for mariners of the Caribbean. Instead, from far out on the waters, travelers will see a white cross thrown in light against the tropical sky. Looking at it they will know that underneath that cross lies the Dominican Republic.

When construction on this Columbus Lighthouse will

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commence, no one knows. That symbol may not materialize for years. But the message of Christ has not waited for a symbol in the sky. His white light is already shining in the lives of multitudes who before traveled in darkness.



Chapter Five

HAITI'S NEW PAGE IN HISTORY

FROM THE FIRST DAY THAT HE ARRIVED IN Haiti to begin his work as a missionary, H. Ormonde McConnell loved the country. There was something fundamentally simple and childlike about the people of this republic; they had little of pretense or false sophistication. Invariably the newcomer received the utmost courtesy and hospitality, from laborers to the highest government officials.

Whenever he could spare a moment in his busy life, Mr. McConnell liked to pause and watch the street scene just outside of his house. Continually changing, continually colorful—a man carrying three charcoal burners on his head; a woman with freshly-ironed clothes; an old fellow loaded with bright pottery; a little boy with his jumping rope; a tray of vegetables perched on top of a yellow headdress; a group of girls with five-gallon kerosene tins bobbing on their heads. And all of them in the middle of the street. Of course there were sidewalks, but the street was wider and much more sociable.

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Even along the roads leading in and out of the city of Port au Prince, Mr. McConnell would encounter constant lines of people. It was as though half the population of the island were either going somewhere or just returning. There would be two lines of wayfarers, the women in long, full, brightly colored skirts, swinging down the sides of the road in an almost unbroken line. Weary ones would drop out under the shade of a tree to rest and chat and possibly exchange gossip.

As he grew to know the people better, Mr. McConnell became aware of the great need of education, for eighty-five per cent of the population were illiterate.

Part of the difficulty, Mr. McConnell realized, arose from the fact that Haiti is a two-language nation. The élite class spoke French, and during the years had moved steadily forward toward a national culture that had produced outstanding men and women in the various arts. There was a school system from the primary grades through the university, but all classes were conducted in French. Yet the enormous mass of the people could not understand this language, and so were seldom to be found in the schools. Their speech was a mixture of French and African dialects, known as Creole, and through the years it had never been reduced to writing.

The roots of the situation went back into colonial times, Mr. McConnell knew. During the eighteenth century the part of the island of Hispaniola that is now known as Haiti was owned and governed by France, having been ceded to her by Spain in 1697. France gained

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this land because her intrepid buccaneers had settled on neighboring islands and along the coast, while the Spaniards had entirely neglected this section.

These buccaneers were the forerunners of French planters who swarmed to the fertile land to make fortunes in sugar, indigo, and other products. It was natural that the planters should need field hands, and that African slaves should be the solution. The black men who were brought were by no means alike. They possessed differing shades of skin, differing physiques, and spoke various languages, depending on the tribe from which they had been captured. And it was also natural that these slaves, toiling from dawn to dark for their white masters, should develop a language of their own, a combination of their many dialects, with words from the French. Very few plantation owners made any effort to learn it, and none of the laboring black men had enough education to put the new idiom into writing. Nor did the owners realize that their slaves, through having one language, were fast becoming united in sympathy and dreams for the future.

It wasn't long before there developed a period of turmoil and struggle. A country where five hundred thousand slaves were ruled by sixty thousand masters was ripe for trouble when the French Revolution set off the spark by proclaiming the Rights of Man. France declared mulattoes in Haiti to be on an equal footing with the whites, and slaves were to be freed. But French planters felt otherwise, and open hostility flared between the whites and mulattoes.

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Out of this conflict, which was carried on for years against the France of Napoleon, emerged three men who were to make Haiti the first Black Republic in the world. All three were slaves. The first was Toussaint L'Ouverture, called "The Opener," who liberated his country from the rule of the French, only to be betrayed by his captors and to die in a prison in France. Next was Jean Jacques Dessalines, "The Tiger," who helped to defeat the armies of France and was crowned emperor of Haiti, and later murdered. Last of these, and perhaps the most powerful and picturesque of all, was Henri Christophe—a slave who became king of the country, a builder and a dictator who dreamed of making Haiti a country of which all black men could be proud, a giant of a man who built the fabulous palace of Sans Souci and the incredible fortress known as the Citadel and who, when his kingdom was crumbling, ended his life with a golden bullet.

But the difficulties of Haiti were not over. Other nations long refused recognition of the Black Republic, some of them waiting as long as sixty years before acknowledging it as a sovereign power. And there were revolutionary troubles, too. Early in this century progress seemed at a standstill while rival parties fought for power. There had been eight presidents in seven years when the United States intervened in 1915, sending in its marines to keep order and to insure the paying of foreign debts. Whether we approve of this method or not, it resulted in some advantages for the people, for, when the marines withdrew in 1934, they left a well

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organized police system and national army, three good hospitals, and, best of all, a number of modern rural schools with gardens and manual training shops. Children were better fed, because their fathers could stay at home and grow food for their families. Yet in all these years while Haiti was struggling to become a nation, there had been little time for evolving popular education. The Creole language was still unwritten, and the mass of the people were illiterate.



This was the condition that haunted Mr. McConnell, the Irish missionary sent by the Methodist Missionary Society of England. He dreamed of what could be done for Haiti if the people had a simple form of written language. Surely it could be done. But wherever he turned he met with only smiles and ridicule. It was no use, everyone assured him. That, of course, was just the wrong thing to say to an Irishman, if the speaker wished the matter closed. Rebuffed wherever he went, he finally succeeded in interesting a Roman Catholic professor in the University, who caught his enthusiasm and agreed with him that Creole could be written phonetically.

Nights found the pastor and professor with their heads together, trying to set down a system of writing. Long ago, before he came to the mission school, Mr. McConnell had studied—"at the whim of our French teacher," as he put it—the International Phonetic System. He had regarded it then as wasted time and effort,

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but how thankful he was now for all that he had learned.

For a year they toiled, putting down on paper those sounds that had escaped man's pen for so long. Then, when they were ready to experiment, they found they would need some system of teaching reading, too. Fortunately, they had heard that across the Pacific, in the Philippines, another missionary, Frank C. Laubach, had developed a method of teaching illiterate adults to read quickly, and the same method was being used successfully in other parts of the world. A set of the Laubach system of charts was sent to Mr. McConnell by the American Bible Society in New York. After preparing charts suited to the peculiar nature of the Creole tongue, the two men were ready to make the first trial.

Then came the suspense of waiting to see the results of the little language school in a mountain village forty miles away. And their method worked! In two months those first pupils were reading their own language, stumbly, perhaps, for they were grown men who had never had any schooling; but, nevertheless, they were reading. And a light had come for more than two million Haitians.

Schools multiplied as the news spread, and Mr. McConnell was able to prepare teachers. Before long the Haitian government sent inspectors when a school was to be opened, to test the entering students. They returned at the end of two months to inspect the same pupils, and their amazement and delight led to an offer of help from the government in printing study charts.

Women are fearful of trying, it seems, but no doubt

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they will be persuaded when they see what reading brings into the lives of their menfolk.

The first step toward a Bible in Creole has been taken by the American Bible Society. For the use of the language schools, Mr. McConnell sends out a mimeographed sheet weekly, on which are printed a verse of Scripture, a short meditation, one or two interesting stories, news of the progress of the system in various places in Haiti, church news, and local and world news.

I attended one of the language schools in the sugar cane district in company with an elderly man who had once been minister of education for the republic. The teacher was waiting by the side of the road to greet us. Under the thatched lean-to, the class, scrubbed and beaming, sat impatiently on crude benches, eager to receive the sheets we brought. Five nights a week for eight weeks this group had been meeting, coming together after the hard day's work in the fields.

"Do you realize what this means?" the former minister of education asked me. And I nodded, recalling the words of a Haitian school inspector after visiting one of the schools: "For Haiti this is history in the making."

We felt as though we were witnessing a miracle as one after another rose and read in his own language from the sheet he had never seen before. Among the stories was one of a certain custom in China that had to do with punishment for lying, a story that just the week before I had discussed in English with Spanish-speaking students in the Dominican Republic. Surely a

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great net of understanding and sympathy is forming about the peoples of the world who will some day refuse to sanction war and international hatred.



People who know little about Haiti are likely to have a vague impression of throbbing tom-toms and mysterious night ceremonials—the very word, Haiti, conjures up a picture of voodooism. It is true that there exists this combination of religion and superstition, brought by the slaves from Africa and still holding the population in its grip. The high percentage of illiteracy has done much to foster its hold, although it is not confined to the peasant class but is found in high places as well. While the stories of voodooism are often exaggerated, the following information comes from Mr. McConnell, whose accounts of the cult are recommended by Pastor Marc of the Baptist church, himself a Haitian.

There are three types of *bokors*, or voodoo leaders. The first, and most common, is really a medicine man who derives his power from his acquaintance with the use of herbal remedies, his knowledge of the spirit worship that dominates the minds of the people, and some capacity for skillful bluffing. To the man living in the shadows of primitive superstition, every ill has a spiritual cause. His child is sick? Then it must mean that some neighbor has sent an evil spirit to injure him through the suffering of his little one. His crops fail, a cow dies? Some enemy is to blame. Since it is impos-

sible for him to conceive of any natural causes for events, the obvious thing to do is to get in touch with the dealer in spiritual remedies, the *bokor*. In children the most common physical ailments are caused by worms, and in adults by some form of blood disorder that the *bokor* can usually diagnose at a glance. After much bending of knees and mumbling of incantations, a charm is prepared to be worn by the sufferer or to be placed in the roof or other part of the house. Quite incidental is the administering of the healing potion! To gain the confidence of his patient, the *bokor* may be led of the spirits to find a bottle, a piece of a sacred tree, or most anything else hidden in the ground near the house, which of course has been planted by a confederate. A *bokor* of this kind can hardly believe very seriously in the efficacy of the spirits he invokes, for he deals in medicine rather than in religion.

The second type of *bokor* is much more rare. Perhaps there are not more than a dozen in the republic. He is more definitely a magician, and in the common mind the source of his power comes from his being in league with Satan. He can give special favors and advantages. Here is a small trader who wishes to increase his sales. More effective than any advertisement is a visit to one of these *bokors* who can make a powerful charm to be placed in the store. Then the shopkeeper has only to wait for his store to be crowded with customers.

But more serious is the power of this group as dealers in "black magic," a power directed to the harming of an enemy or rival. Their uncanny knowledge of herbs

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can produce almost any effect on an unfortunate victim. It is generally believed that these magicians can administer a dose that produces a state of coma that passes for death. Then on applying the appropriate antidote, the *bokor* can bring back to life the "corpse" that he has dug from the grave. These bodies, called *zombies* (and many vouch to have seen one), have lost certain functions of the brain but can work mechanically. Some claim that certain *bokors* can restore full intelligence. Whether they believe in what they profess is difficult to tell. Probably they do, at least up to a point.

Both medicine man and magician require on occasion sacrifices of hens, goats, pigs, or even cows, and also insist on feasts in honor of the spirits, which are often held at some sacred tree.

The third type of *bokor*, often called a *papaloi* or *mamaloi*, is the real voodoo priest or priestess, who conducts "services" with many mysterious and curious rites. While the first two types trade largely in medicine and magic, this third deals with something essentially religious. Their ceremonies are jealously guarded, so it is difficult to know much about them. It is said that he who would be initiated must pass seven days motionless on his back, a stone placed on his head. Occasionally there are big ceremonies lasting as long as fifteen or more days, and attended by several hundred persons. Drums, dances, incantations introducing weird African words, sacrifices with libations of blood to the spirits, often drunk by the priests, and a free flow of grog are some of the elements that stimulate the required frenzy

and induce psychic states accompanied by strange phenomena that are readily interpreted as evidence that the spirits are at work. These "services" are condemned by law, yet it appears that they still take place in secret. In colonial times such voodoo practices were the means of uniting the slaves, and so were not only part of a religion but were also a political organization and a bond of fellowship. Today it is probable that the more definitely religious element of voodoo touches comparatively few, and has in large part been superseded by the element of magic and charm.

Every Evangelical congregation in Haiti contains former *bokors*. Not long ago, in the north of the island, a *mamaloï* sent for the pastor of the Baptist church in Cap Haitien. She was unhappy as a priestess, and asked him to explain to her Christ's way of life. After some time of thinking it over and praying, she was ready to have her voodoo paraphernalia burned and to make her confession in the one Saviour of the world. She had been a powerful priestess on the mountainside and her change made a great stir, especially among the many who had paid her well for exercising her magic for them. When the night came for her public confession in the church, crowds filled the street outside, waiting to hear what she would say. They were surprised and disappointed at her simple statement of faith in a Man of Galilee who died for her. The next morning the pastor was called hurriedly by the police. The *mamaloï* was being mobbed in the open market. With the aid of the police, he extricated her, and with guards on the running board of the

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car managed to conduct her safely back to her mountain cabin.

"Don't come into the city for at least two weeks," they warned her on leaving. Imagine the pastor's astonishment and fear the next morning when he found his new convert again in the market. "Don't worry, God will take care of me," was her reply to his whispered remonstrance. The people could not understand such temerity, and they did not lay a finger on her. "Her faith was greater than mine," the pastor admitted when telling the story.

Before a converted voodoo worshipper makes his confession of Christian faith he gathers together his paraphernalia and publicly burns them. Here are some of the things found in one home: bits of magic paper stuck in the roof; old bottles buried in the floor; sticks attached to the walls; a wooden trunk containing a box of face powder, a bottle of perfume, a towel, two colored napkins, and some perfumed soap, all designed for use in connection with the secret cult.

Of one such burning ceremony a missionary writes: "As the fire blazed up, I shall never forget the thrill it gave me to sing hymns with the other Christians who had come with me. Here was a man who had been terrified by evil spirits, and during the past twelve months had given two pigs and three prize chickens as sacrifices, as well as a cow and eleven dollars in payment for the services of a 'priest.' Also he had paid eight dollars after the death of a child to find out the cause. Now he was smashing and burning publicly the symbols of a religion

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in whose terrible grip he had been. He was facing forward to a life with a Saviour who loves."



Facing forward! The Evangelical churches of Haiti are pointing the way forward to thousands of Haitians whose lives have been bound by the blackness of fear and superstition. The path is opened by such missionaries as Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wood in Cap Haitien, who conduct a series of vacation Bible schools as part of their varied missionary program. Then there is the Episcopal bishop who visits his fifteen churches by driving hours over dusty rough roads, often climbing steep narrow paths on foot and spending nights in a hammock or on the ground. In Port au Prince the Episcopal church maintains a school for girls that is meeting a great need. There is a call for many similar schools. What they would mean to the people if only funds for them were available! And also in Port au Prince there is Pastor Marc, a young Haitian educated in the United States, leading his congregation, which has far outgrown the building of the active Baptist church he leads. The accomplishments of these men and women are ringing over Haiti today.

The task of the Evangelical church is not an easy one, for it is dealing with a paganism unsurpassed anywhere in our hemisphere. Next to Cuba, Haiti is the nearest West Indian neighbor to the United States, and she is in very deep need of an increasing Christian neighborliness from the churches of North America.



Chapter Six

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR

THE WATERS OF HAVANA HARBOR LOOKED OILY under the gray sky of early morning. Swift launches darted here and there like water bugs, breaking the quiet surface and adding their soft "put-put" to the voices of swimmers along the side of the ship. "Please, mister, throw a penny," came from men and boys who were treading water while they shouted. As the passengers threw coins, the divers darted downward like a flash. The lucky ones put the money in their mouths for safekeeping, until some of them looked like emergency cases for the dentist.

As we drove through the one-way streets of old Havana, the raucous calls of vegetable and fruit venders and sellers of lottery tickets made a jumble of sound that the narrow Spanish streets hurled back on our ears. At every turn we felt a mingling of the modern with the Spanish atmosphere of the past centuries.

Hunting a meal that first noon grew into quite a game, with odds frequently against my ever getting it. Not only are the streets of necessity one-way, but the side-

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walks are one-person. No wonder the city hospitals always have one or more traffic cases, people knocked down by autos as they try to pass another pedestrian, or wiped off the sidewalks by the rear end of a street car. There is real reason for the old Spanish custom of allowing the lady always to take the wall. By the time the Chinese restaurant was reached, I felt entitled to a special treat, so from the "Hots Suggestions" I chose chow mein and settled down to watch Havana pass, which it did at the rate of ten buses and ten street cars every five minutes. Incidentally they all stopped right in my lap, for the entire front of the restaurant was open.

While eating, I mused over what I knew about the background of Cuba. This narrow island, seven hundred and sixty miles in length and less than a hundred miles off the southern tip of Florida, has a history that marks her as a nation determined on freedom. Her original Indians withstood the Spaniards for three years, when the aborigines of other islands had capitulated with scarcely a struggle. Perhaps some of this brave Indian blood still flowed in the veins of the Cubans whose struggle for liberty from Spain lasted almost three-quarters of a century. The sinking of the U. S. battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, started the Spanish-American War, which freed Cuba and brought to an end the Spanish rule in the New World.

The affairs of Cuba at the close of the century were in a hopeless muddle. There were practically no highways nor streets; no system of sanitation. Yellow fever

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was accepted as an ever present threat. Illiteracy was almost universal, for there was no public school system worthy the name.

During those years following the war, while the United States was deciding whether Cuba was to be the independent country she now is, or whether, instead, the United States was to continue her protection with a view to possible annexation, many useful services were undertaken for her people. Yellow fever was stamped out; a system of sanitation was introduced; roads were built—more miles of them than had been constructed during the entire four hundred years of Spanish rule; and a public school system was established.

It has been truly said that there are two Cubas—rural Cuba and Havana, the tourist's mecca. Everywhere I went in the city I encountered the tourists, some of them seeing the country from the comfortable inside of a car. Before the present war, several ships a week brought visitors from Miami, a ten-hour trip. Many were content to stay in Havana, with its half million people, good hotels, broad boulevards, modern amusements, a spectacular capitol that cost seventeen million dollars, and the Spanish section that was old when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth. This is a playground, and people who have saved for a vacation in the Caribbean sunshine want to play. They get what they have come for.

But I couldn't help wishing that there were more tourists like the two women, one from Kansas and the other from Oklahoma, who appeared at my door one

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Sunday afternoon, saying, "Pardon us, but do you speak English?" I assured them that most Missourians speak English, or something that passes for it, and invited them in. Having only a few days in Havana, they felt they must look up the mission of their denomination. I confessed to being a kind of tourist, also, and so we exchanged experiences and impressions, and they promised to return to the mission for the evening service. We may be sure that their keen interest will greatly strengthen the mission cause in their churches at home, for they were interested in Cubans, and not solely in Cuba as a place for pleasure.



The island is naturally an agricultural country, with fertile and well watered lands. The two principal crops are sugar and tobacco, with sugar dominating the entire life of the people. During the First World War, Cuba turned all her rural energies to the growing of sugar cane. Prices soared sky high and the market was unlimited; fortunes were made overnight—not, however, for the laborer, but for foreign and Cuban owners who went in for wild speculation. Inevitably the crash came, in 1920, when between June and December the price of sugar dropped from fifteen cents a pound to less than four, leaving companies and individuals bankrupt.

Farm work on sugar plantations is always seasonal, giving employment, in the best of times, for only some six months a year. When the crash came, this period was

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drastically reduced, in some places to less than half, so that employment has since been counted in weeks instead of months, and with this time-cut came wage reductions.

Mr. J. Merle Davis of the International Missionary Council, in a timely study of the economic questions with which the sugar industry confronts the Evangelical churches of Cuba,¹ says:

Through this great industry the productive lands, the transportation, the banking, public utilities, and the bulk of the commerce of the Cubans has been lost to them. It has deprived Cubans of initiative and responsibility in the development of their own estate. The sugar industry through its susceptibility to the vicissitudes of a foreign market has appealed to the gaming instinct of the nation. Fortunes could be easily won or lost. The masses continue to live under the spell that sugar has thrown about them and await a favorable turn of fortune's wheel. This has, without doubt, influenced the Cubans away from lines of solid production and effort of a less spectacular nature.

However, the sugar industry has for better or for worse made modern Cuba. It has brought Cuba forward as the greatest sugar exporter in the world. It has attracted more than a billion dollars of foreign investments to the island. It has provided employment for a third or more of the Cuban population. It has brought vast riches to the leading families of the country. It has modernized Cuban banking, transportation, and mechanical construction. It has bound Cuba's economic destiny with that of the United States, has furthered the cultural and social relations between the two nations, and has put Cuba into the main current of world life. Yet, in spite

¹ *The Cuban Church in a Sugar Economy*. New York, International Missionary Council, 1942. Paper, 75 cents.

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of all its power, sugar has failed to bring happiness, comfort, and a normal development of the Cuban people.²

The alluvial soil of Cuba will grow all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables, and if laborers can be taught subsistence farming, they and their families will enter a far happier day. The government is awake to the problems and opportunities among the country people and is doing much to improve rural life, though it is a long, hard pull, a slow process of education. The great regret is that such education was not started many years earlier.



At the close of the Spanish-American War, the Evangelical churches of North America at once showed their concern with the needs of the Cuban people, and sent missionaries to help them. The island was so large and at that time means of communication and transport so limited that the missions each served a particular area, and there was no overlapping or competition among them. As Cuba has developed facilities of travel, there has been a growth of cooperative activity among the churches, although this has not been so marked as in the case of Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic.

National leaders of outstanding ability are appearing, and in many instances, as in Puerto Rico, they are taking the places of missionaries from the United States whose terms of service are completed.

² *Op cit.*, pp. 33-34.

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Here, as elsewhere, education is the foundation upon which the churches try to build. The church schools have done an inestimable service for Cuba. These *colegios* are scattered through the length and breadth of the island, and all of them have fine records of activities in classroom and outside. It is well to make clear the use of the Spanish word *colegio*, which is translated into English as "college." In Latin America this word simply means "school," and includes the primary grades through high school. *Universidad*, or university, refers to institutions equivalent to colleges or universities in North America. In Cuba, the only school of university standing is the national University of Havana. Most of the mission schools are of primary grade, while only a few are high schools.

In the outskirts of Havana, well up on high land, are two Methodist institutions, Candler College for boys, and across the street, Buenavista College for girls. On the corner between stands the Methodist church, symbolizing the purpose of both schools, which is at the same time the purpose of all mission schools: "To implant a knowledge of the saving power of the gospel and Christian culture in its students, and through them to make its influence felt throughout the nation." Candler provides an education for three hundred boys through grade school and high school, and has accommodations for one hundred boarding students. The president is rightfully proud of his alumni, who cared enough about their school to secure twelve thousand dollars for a splendidly equipped building to house the

commercial department. Of this amount, seven thousand dollars actually came from the alumni and the rest they raised among admirers of the school.

Jorge Mañach, a Cuban statesman and educator, says, "My opinion of Candler College is based principally on the moral character and nobility of purpose of the men who are the product of her teachings. Some of the Cubans of highest integrity, of solid consecrated citizenship, whom it has been my privilege to know, have come out from this institution, some as teachers, others as students. Such results are never a mere coincidence. Candler College is a school of right thinking and right living."

Buenavista, twenty years younger than Candler, is housed in three attractive buildings. Here also is provision for grade and high school work and for boarding pupils. Most of the class work is done with the boys in Candler, which arrangement no doubt adds greatly to the happiness of the students, and possibly gives an occasional headache to the faculty.

Another center of Evangelical education may be visited at Cárdenas. The trip there leads over the main highway that extends to the far end of the island. The land is fertile and, in general, flat, with royal palms always in view, with mango trees and fields of sugar cane on both sides. On our journey we saw, just before reaching Cárdenas, a blue carpet of sisal miguey stretching away into the far distance. Tremendous laurel trees lined the highway, furnishing delightful shade for all wayfarers. Frequent *bohíos*, or thatch-roofed homes,

dotted the landscape, and around them children were playing.

La Progresiva, in Cárdenas, is a co-educational school, providing for all ages from kindergarten through high school. It was opened in 1900 in a large rented hall used at the time as a church. From the original fourteen pupils, La Progresiva has grown to eight hundred and seventy-five, of which two hundred are boarding pupils. Its Evangelical faculty, numbering thirty-two, are all Cuban except one. Many of them are products of La Progresiva and most have done summer postgraduate work in universities of the United States after graduating from the University of Havana. Graduates of this institution are to be found all over Cuba and in every walk of life. One is a mayor of a city, another is a senator, and others are teachers, doctors, nurses, lawyers, pastors.

Mission schools in the island have given hundreds of students from poor homes a chance for an education that they would not otherwise have had. In La Progresiva the boys and girls who are helping most to mold the Christian character and life of the student body and who within a few years will be wielding an enormous influence in their own communities and throughout the entire country come from very humble homes.

The young man who acted as courtesy guide during my stay in Cuba worked his way through La Progresiva and will soon graduate from the Evangelical Seminary of Puerto Rico. His sweetheart is also a product of La Progresiva, which goes to show that the young people

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in the church schools of Cuba are not different from those in similar institutions in North America!

In a little social center on the edge of Cárdenas there is a school for the first three grades, the practical result of a Sunday school class of girls. They decided to put into practice the ideals they were being taught. The community chosen was one neglected by the government schools, and so the little social and educational project started.

"See those rocks piled in the back yard?" asked one of the girls. "They have been given by the people in this community so we can build another room and have a fourth grade."

No doubt this school, the dream of a few Cuban girls, will grow room by room and grade by grade, and the students going out from such Christian teaching will join powerful forces with other young people from other church schools, all to work intelligently and prayerfully toward a better Cuba.



Schools are but one of the various enterprises through which the Evangelical church is serving Cuba and her people.

Saturday night was the regular meeting time of the Chinese young people of the church where I was staying, and I joined the group. A large number of Chinese have migrated to Cuba, some expecting to enter the United States. Instead, they have settled on the island and many have married Cuban women. Little had been

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done for the spiritual care of the Chinese population until one of the city churches opened its doors a few years ago for special services in Chinese, and started a young people's organization.

I listened to a Chinese boy, speaking in Spanish, give a review of a talk on "Christian Youth and Their Attitude toward War." Other talks followed, and after the meeting the group worked until almost midnight preparing a mission program to give at a meeting of Cuban young people of another denomination the next day. Their sponsor, a Cuban medical student, was as enthusiastic as they, playing the piano for their Chinese national anthem and hymns. Their program included a map talk on China and her terrific problems in the world today, to be followed by a history of missions in China. On Sunday the Cuban young people crowded the room of this Chinese group, and I felt that another bond of understanding such as the world so desperately needs today was being forged here. When I asked the Chinese what message they wanted to send to North America, they replied, "Tell them we are trying to make all Chinese in Cuba Christian." I asked how many there were, and they said, "About thirty thousand."

One denomination is rightfully proud of a Cuban Home Missionary Society that raises funds throughout the churches for their own most needy fields. Their yearly budget is between three and four thousand dollars, and is used for the support of seventeen Cuban workers in as many centers.

No account of Cuba is complete without mention of

the American Bible Society, which maintains in Havana its headquarters for all the West Indies. During 1940 there were sold over ninety-five thousand Bibles, Testaments, and portions of the Scriptures in sixteen languages. When the Society was unable to supply Bibles in Spanish because most of them had been coming from the other side of the Atlantic, one pastor said, "I am sorely grieved that there are no Bibles, but at the same time I am filled with joy because I have made the rounds of all the second-hand stores in Havana, where there are always some Bibles, and I have not found a single copy. These stores tell me that it is the book in greatest demand."



Cuba, like Puerto Rico, has come a great distance since the beginning of the century, when Evangelical missions were first allowed entrance. Mission churches and schools have moved steadily forward, giving hope, stability, and a sense of permanence in a country where political upheavals have brought periods of darkness and despair.

Today the Evangelical church is preparing pastors for special rural work, which is one of the most urgent needs. Sugar mill companies, like the owners of banana plantations in Central America, are anxious that the churches care for their workers spiritually. One manager in Cuba has offered a splendid lot and all the necessary lumber for a chapel and parsonage, and with some help from the mission board in the United States, these

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buildings are now going up. Similar centers should be established in numerous other sections of the island.

Pastors everywhere are urging self-support, and the church people are doing what they can. To be able to maintain work already started is one thing. But as the enterprise grows, there are much-needed buildings to be erected and equipment to be added, and the Cuban church cannot yet carry this load alone. The churches of North America must stand by, helping materially with financial support, and spiritually with their prayers.



Chapter Seven

CENTRAL AMERICA—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A BRIDGE OF LAND BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH America—that is what the countries of Central America resemble if we look at them on the map. Through the past four centuries, the people of the two continents have frequently regarded this region not as a bridge, but as a gigantic wall keeping the Atlantic and Pacific oceans apart and separating the northern continent from the southern.

Until recently, there was little travel from north to south and across these countries. Mountains obstructed easy passageways. Riotous rivers, dark swamps, and dense jungles, where poisonous snakes and man-eating animals roamed at will, made road-building almost impossible. And who wanted to go anywhere, anyway? The little nations were sufficient in themselves, living off the land and fearful of the neighbor to the north who, through “dollar diplomacy,” acted on a self-appointed right to interfere in their domestic affairs when there was a threat to North American business. After all, perhaps it was just as well to leave the malaria-infested

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wilderness to itself and not attempt to have good roads. In isolation was protection.

Then a modern paradox developed. The continents, having been cut apart from one another by the Panama Canal, were actually brought closer together through increased ease of communication. This fact, together with plans for Western Hemisphere defense and the awakened interest in all other folk who share our side of the world, suddenly transformed Central America from a vague strip of land into six definite republics: Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala, each of which had an individual identity and an individual character.

The nations of Central America, in turn, came to realize, as do all of us, that if the Americas are to survive they must stand together. They also accept generously the new relationship with the United States, whom they no longer fear. They welcome the great Pan American Highway that will link all the countries of Central America, and the airways system that brings the various capitals of the republics within an hour or so of each other.

The Pan American daily plane service makes it possible for a traveler to leave Balboa, Panama, at 9:30 A.M., spend fifteen minutes in each capital of the other four republics, and arrive in Guatemala City at 4:15 that afternoon. Here he may spend the night and by noon the next day be in Mexico City. His plane passes another making the same trip going south.

Besides Pan American, there is local plane service in

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all the countries, so that today probably no people in the world are more air-minded than Central Americans. Many, who never saw a train, clamber into anything that can leave the ground, and take off over mountain and vale without a qualm. Planes also carry freight of every description, from animals and heavy machinery to medicines, radios, and refrigerators, and their cargoes bring new life to many a lonely jungle dweller.

The climate of Central America has far more variation than that of the West Indies, because of extremes in altitude. It has been described as a "vertical climate." The Caribbean coastline is low and swampy. The region back of it is thickly forested, except for the areas cleared by the North American fruit companies for their banana plantations. The rainfall is due to the trade winds that blow in from the Atlantic. The average temperature along the coast is eighty degrees, with intense humidity. On the other hand, snow occasionally falls in the mountains of Guatemala.

This chain of mountains, which insures such a relatively cool climate in an otherwise tropical land, is the connecting link between the Rockies and the Andes, extending not far inland from the Pacific shore and making of that coastline a fertile strip with less rainfall and more agreeable temperature than on the Caribbean side. Here the major part of the population in each republic lives. These mountains are of volcanic formation, and there are volcanoes in all the republics except Panama. A dozen may be seen at one time in Guatemala, their vapor drifting lazily with the clouds. When an

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actual eruption occurs, terrible havoc is wrought, as in the case of Managua, Nicaragua, where in 1931 forty blocks of buildings were destroyed and hundreds of lives were lost. The worst eruption in Central America was in 1835, though the report of several within this generation sound almost as bad. In 1835 the cone of Mount Cosigüina in Nicaragua blew off, turning day into night. Fifteen feet of ashes covered the land within twenty-five miles and dust was carried for nearly fifteen hundred miles. For forty-three days explosions were heard, and it has been estimated that over ten million cubic miles of matter were hurled into the air. Within the past three years, one official of the United States Legation in El Salvador reported fifty-five shocks, most of them just tremors but none a happy experience. It is not hard to understand why the Indians worship nature and ascribe to each mountain its own god.

The aborigines whom the Spaniards found in Central America were descendants of the Mayan Indians who flourished between the first and seventh centuries. It is generally believed, from ruins still being unearthed in Guatemala and Honduras, that here was the earliest civilization in the Western Hemisphere, antedating and surpassing that of the Aztecs of Mexico. There were evidently astronomers, scientists, and artists among the Mayans. Their folk arts have endured, and today any visitor to a Guatemalan Indian market forgets his personal budget under the temptation of gay blankets, rugs, hand-embroidered coats and table covers, painted pottery, and baskets. For a small amount of money he col-

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lects treasures for a lifetime, and always wishes later that he had purchased 'more.

Physically and traditionally the people of Central America belong to South America. But their trade interests and location tie them much closer to the United States. Like South Americans, and North Americans for that matter, the people are largely a mixture of races. Practically half of the population are of mixed blood—white with Indian, called *mestizo* or *ladino*; Indian with Negro, known as *zambo*; and Negro with white, the mulatto. The largest race group are the Indians, with the whites next, and the Negroes comprising the smallest number in these countries. The highest Indian population is in Guatemala, seventy-five per cent, and the lowest in Costa Rica, under one per cent. White residents are most numerous in Costa Rica, eighty per cent of the population, and lowest in Guatemala, less than one per cent.

Guatemala is the only republic where the evangelization of the people must be considered as largely an Indian problem; in the other republics there are communities of Indians, but the main religious concern is the evangelization of the *ladino*, who speaks Spanish. With the exception of a few isolated sections, the Indians in these countries are losing their identity, mingling with the Spanish-speaking population. Spanish is the official language in all the nations of Central America, although the various groups of Indians still use their tribal dialects, as we shall see later in the study of Guatemala. English-speaking Negroes from

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neighboring British islands have drifted in to work along the Caribbean coast, and on the Canal in Panama.

Until 1821 Central America was governed by a captain-general appointed from Spain. That year independence was declared and obtained from Spain. For two years the five Central American countries were part of Mexico, while Panama joined herself to Colombia and so remained until she became independent in 1903. In 1824, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica formed a Central American Federation as one nation. By 1839, it had become disrupted and each country resumed its independent status.

The United States has no possessions and is exercising no protectorates in Central America, although she leases five miles on each side of the Panama Canal and holds a ninety-nine year lease on a site for a possible canal through Nicaragua, using Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River. With the present widening of the Panama Canal, however, it seems doubtful that the United States will build a second canal soon. We should in this connection mention British Honduras as the only foreign-owned area between Mexico and South America.

Coffee and bananas are the main crops and exports of all Central American countries, which depend almost entirely on agriculture for their livelihood. These are complementary crops, coffee growing in the uplands and bananas along the coastal plains.

Bananas anywhere mean a multitude of workers, and in Central America these plantation laborers are largely English-speaking Negroes from near-by islands who

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now make their permanent homes in houses provided by the fruit companies. Because of the inborn desire of people in this part of the world to have their whole family connection under one roof, these houses are far too crowded. Distant relatives will move in with a family already jammed into two rooms. The custom of sleeping at night huddled together, with all the outside openings tightly closed, is a health menace here as in the West Indies. Until recently, when the Evangelical forces finally began to awaken to their responsibility, no provision was made for the spiritual life of these laborers, or for help in raising their moral standards.

Throughout the years, changing governments through revolution has been a method too often employed in Latin American republics. It is traditional among the people to admire strong leaders and to give them complete loyalty. Usually these men have found it convenient or have known no other way to achieve their ends than by resort to armed force. It is a quick method and far more effective, for the time being, than trying to educate the common man in legal methods of gaining his rights.

One madcap plot in Central America in the 1850's was fostered, oddly enough, by an adventurer from Tennessee. This gentleman of fortune, named William Walker, believed passionately in slavery, and saw that a struggle was imminent in the United States between the North and the South. He conceived the idea of conquering Mexico and Central America and forming a slave country which no Northern power, political or

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military, could possibly control. Thus he would preserve both his beloved South and the institution of slavery.

Walker's attempts to take Mexico with a small band of followers were repulsed. But a stage was being prepared for him farther south, in Nicaragua. Civil war had broken out between two parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, and the former invited Walker to come down and help them. This invitation was to his taste, for he saw an opportunity to get a toe-hold in Central America. Arriving in León, the capital of the Liberals, he recruited some three hundred and seventy-seven soldiers, one hundred of them North Americans, and with lightning speed captured Granada, capital of the Conservatives. Here he set himself up as dictator, and was so successful that the United States recognized him as president of Nicaragua. But a series of blunders brought his downfall, and he was shot in Honduras a year before the Civil War actually commenced in the United States.

Through all its history since those days Central America has seen many of its ambitious leaders set themselves up as rulers for brief periods, only to be overthrown and their places taken by others. The last upset of government by armed force was in Nicaragua in 1937, but the constant threat of political upheaval affects every phase of Central American life.

Education has suffered from the general instability in social and economic life that has accompanied unsettled government. Illiteracy is high: in Honduras eighty-two per cent; in Guatemala seventy-five per cent; in Nica-

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ragua and Panama between sixty and seventy per cent; in El Salvador fifty-five per cent. Costa Rica presents quite a different picture with an illiteracy rate of but thirty-two per cent.

Primary education is free and supposedly compulsory in all the countries, but there is a great lack of well trained teachers, except in Costa Rica, and in most of the republics the law is not enforced. There are a few secondary schools in each country, but they are located in the larger towns and are by no means accessible to all the pupils. There is in each nation a university, but this consists usually of a group of professional schools; little or no attention is given to the arts and general cultural courses.

In the following chapters we shall look at each one of these six republics of Central America in turn, and shall see how truly the challenge lies at our door today to help them come into their own as Christian nations.



Chapter Eight

PANAMA—CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

*I*N FEBRUARY OF 1913 A BRIEF BUT POIGNANT appeal was received by Miss Anna Coope, a missionary working in Panama. It was sent from San José Nargana and read:

“Dear Lady I sent my 3 Indians to Bring you up to San Blas Coas to my country. My people like to see you Dear Lady if you can by A. B. C. Book~Engles and Bring your Piano up with you. No more Present.”

When this letter was delivered to Miss Coope, she was one of the very few missionaries in Panama. Alone she had come to this country of dense jungles, wild animals, snakes, and, worst of all, mosquitoes carrying yellow fever and malaria. People in the United States knew little about Panama, except that men were struggling against disease and death to complete the building of the Canal.

In this land, which then seemed so remote, Miss Coope had been doing all that one woman could to tell the people of its many races about Christ. But the arrival of the letter set her to thinking. She had heard

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of the San Blas Indians—one of the most interesting, picturesque, and challenging tribes in the world. They lived on a string of islands off the coast of Panama and had successfully resisted every effort to subdue them, so that while nominally a part of Panama, they were virtually independent. They numbered about twenty-five thousand, and lived in a region that was fatal to white men, although the Indians seemed to be immune to the yellow fever and malaria. Perhaps that was why they had maintained their freedom. And it was to this unhealthy section that one of the chiefs had invited Miss Coope to bring an English book and a piano!

Miss Coope was not the person to be frightened by disease, nor could she disregard such an appeal, so she set out in a two-masted schooner from Colón. She arrived on an island of eight hundred inhabitants, where there were ten rum shops selling “Chrisstin” liquor, a word left by sailors who had come to trade and had called themselves Christian. But she was welcomed by the Indians, and in spite of terrific problems, she organized two schools with an enrollment of one hundred and fifty, and carried on evangelistic work. The enterprise prospered, but the opposition of the Roman Catholics was aroused, and in 1925 Miss Coope was obliged by the government to leave the district on the pretext that her work had “a de-nationalizing effect” upon the Indians.

Some people would have been beaten, but not Miss Coope. She quietly gathered together her few possessions and bade good-by to her friends. She would not

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oppose the order to leave, but still she was not daunted. "Discouraged?" she said. "Never. Why not? Because all things work together for good. There will be a harvest."

During the years when she had lived among the San Blas Indians, Miss Coope had found and brought to Christ a little Indian boy whom she sent to a Bible training school in the United States. He graduated from the school and in 1932 married another graduate, a girl from the United States. In spite of pessimistic predictions by friends of the white woman, the two prepared to return to the islands. Alcibiades Iglesias and his bride settled on the island of Ailigandi, won the good will of Chief Nete, who was eager for the advancement and civilization of his people, and began their ministry. Today they conduct six religious services every Sunday with an attendance of around five hundred, and on another island, a Sunday school of two hundred.

In the year 1938 occurred one of the most radical breaks hitherto known in the traditions of the Ailigandi people. The chief planned with Mr. Iglesias to send his daughter to school in Panama City. There was intense opposition at first, but finally it was decided that another Indian girl should accompany the chief's daughter.

The two girls, baptized as Christina and Fulvia, are now in the Episcopal Children's Home in Panama City. Friends have provided scholarships so that they can attend the Pan American Institute conducted by the Methodist mission. At first there were difficult adjustments for the girls. Their lovely nose rings, the mark

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of "being somebody" among the Indians, just weren't the style in Panama. Ways of the Spanish-speaking girls were strange, and they had to learn this new language. But when I met and talked with Christina and Fulvia they spoke Spanish easily, and were fitting into the life of the Children's Home and of the mission day school. They, together with several of the San Blas boys who have gone to the United States to study, will no doubt help to bring in a better life for their island-dwelling people.

Miss Coope had been right. There was a harvest.



Outside of what missionaries among the Indians have been able to do, the story of Christian work for other sections of the population is not an encouraging one. There have been many obstacles in the way. The geography of the country was a hindrance. Also, Panama has a tremendous mixture of races. It has always been one of the greatest of the world's crossroads. In colonial days Panama City on the Pacific side was the transshipping point between the wealth of South America and Spain. Loads were carried over trails between Panama City and Portobelo on the Caribbean side, and again took ship for their ultimate destinations. Again, in the gold rush days of 1849, the Isthmus was used by fortune seekers going to or returning from California.

As early as 1550 a suggestion had been made for a canal to be built across Panama. Balboa, the discoverer,

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broached the subject to the Spanish emperor, but the idea was laid aside, and in the centuries that followed other routes were considered across Mexico and across Nicaragua. The French finally undertook the construction in 1880, only to have the project mire down in the jungles because of mismanagement and the failure to combat the death-carrying mosquito. The United States took up the task in 1904, and the combined work of engineers and doctors resulted in the opening of a two-way canal in 1914. The forty-two-mile Canal and the land five miles on each side is leased from Panama by the United States, giving the latter country complete control of the territory called the Canal Zone, where only government employees are allowed to live and trade, and where no one may own private property.

Over half the total area of the republic of Panama is unoccupied, and a large part of the occupied land is not properly cultivated. The people crowd into the two cities of Colón and Panama, most of them depending in one way or another on the Canal for a livelihood. This does not make for a happy situation in the cities, and does not help conquer the jungles, which in some places are still practically unexplored. The population is divided among white, Negro, Indian, and Oriental. The Negroes are, for the most part, from English-speaking islands and have been brought in to work on the Canal. The Orientals are largely shopkeepers. All these facts have added to the difficulties of the Evangelical church in the establishment of mission work in this country.

Among the North American and Negro populations

living in the Canal Zone are numbers of Protestants. North Americans of all denominations unite in the support of union churches, one in Cristóbal and the other in Balboa; and the Episcopal church and the Southern Baptists minister to both racial groups. The pastor of Union Church in Cristóbal also serves a large radio audience in devotions conducted twice a week.

Some of the mission projects among the Indians have had rather unusual beginnings. In 1888 a minister was sent from the Wesleyan church of Jamaica to work among the English-speaking Negroes from the West Indies, and this in time grew to a ministry for the Valiente Indians in Panama west of the Canal. The Jamaica Methodist Synod is still supporting this enterprise. The Africans were first brought to Latin America to save the original Indians from extinction. Today these Jamaican descendants of the early slaves are bringing Christ to the Indians of Panama.

A young Panamanian, Mr. E. S. Alphonse, was the first lay evangelist among the Valientes, beginning in 1918. One of his great contributions has been the devising of a system for writing their language. The Valientes now have four school-chapels, while a school primer, the Creed and Commandments, three of the Gospels, some psalms and hymns, and a book of prayers have been translated into the Valiente tongue. The American Bible Society has helped in the publishing of the Gospels.



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I left the train in Balboa a few minutes before it would reach Panama City and drove by car through winding roads, up hill and down, past pleasant homes with their gardens and lawns under immense overhanging trees. There was something reminiscent of the jungle in the dense growths, green smells, and woodland sounds. Later in the afternoon I went to my hotel in Panama City, and as we drove my companion said, "This is the Canal Zone." We crossed a street and he continued, "Now you are in Panama."

The scene changed immediately. Streets grew narrow, flanked on both sides by small stores above which were built one or two stories, evidently residences. Practically all these upper stories had balconies, and most balconies held growing plants in jars or tins. Here great masses of people were living, herded together into a densely packed quarter.

That night I saw some of the worst slums I have ever encountered anywhere. The little chapel where the pastor of Union Church of Balboa was to show pictures was a block from the sea. To get there we passed through rows of two-story wooden structures, most of them looking weary enough to collapse any minute. Tired mothers with sleeping babies sat on the floor in the doorways; men lolled half dressed in the terrific heat; children were shouting and scuffling in the streets. Scarcely had the car stopped in front of the chapel before we were surrounded by the youngsters, who were curious about the projector. We explained that pictures were going to be shown, and they decided

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to come inside, even though the talk was to be in English.

The children were restless during the speaking, but when the picture of a little Scottish baby was thrown on the screen, how they laughed and clapped! And I thought of the deep kinship of children the world around.

With the memory still fresh in my mind of these people who had scarcely a fighting chance in life, I went the next morning to visit the Pan American Institute, literally on the sea wall. It and the adjoining church are called the Seawall Mission, and are maintained by the Methodist Church in the United States. The front of the building is on the street, while the remainder rests on piles and extends over the beach and water. Seven hundred pupils crowded every inch inside, classes being held in the most unlikely corners, until just going through the place developed into a game of trying to find a spot a few feet square where there wasn't someone studying or some class reciting. There are two hundred and fifty pupils in the grade school and four hundred and ninety in the business course, which they may take on completion of the grade work.

The republic of Panama allows only six years to complete the eight grades of primary schooling, so study for a Panamanian boy or girl means real work. There are plenty of Panamanian young people wanting an education, however, judging by the two hundred and fifty who were turned down at the Pan American Institute this year because of lack of room. When this school

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was started in 1916 there were no other business schools in Panama. While there are many others now, this one remains a leader.

All students are required to take courses in Bible, and a very large number of the young people in the Seawall Church are or have been students of the school. The enrollment shows many nationalities beside Panamanian: Chinese, Czech, Polish, Greek, Italian, Spanish, East Indian, Japanese, West Indian. All the important companies in Panama have one or more of the graduates of this school in their offices and there are not enough graduates to fill the demands.

In 1920 the Red Cross found a family of five children living in Panama City in an alley, their only shelter a packing box. Could the Episcopal church take care of them, they asked. And the church accepted the responsibility. Out of this has grown the Children's Home, where the Indian girls, Christina and Fulvia, are now living. Through the years it has cared for approximately one hundred and eighty children of many races. Of the first five waifs, one is a bookkeeper, one is a homemaker with her own family around her, one works for the Young Men's Christian Association, and the two boys are employed in Panama and the Zone.

The bishop explained, as we entered the Home, that this beautifully and simply constructed building was the gift of a friend in the United States. The day was Saturday so the girls were present. During the week they go by bus to the city day schools, and seven of them attend the Pan American Institute.

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The early Saturday morning cleaning had been done and most of the smaller girls were in the playground, while a few were gathered around a volunteer worker who was helping them in that subject so disastrous to many children—arithmetic. Among them were Christina and Fulvia.

Some ten nationalities are represented in the Home. Among them are three half-sisters, having the same mother: one is the daughter of a Turkish father, another of a Russian, and the third of a Chinese. One little girl was found living over a cabaret. Her mother was in a reformatory and the father, a sailor, could not care for the child. Another three-year-old orphan was unable to walk because of rickets when first brought from the interior; today she is laughing and playing with the rest.

In one of the dormitory rooms older girls were making dresses for themselves, under the direction of a sympathetic instructress. They showed us their half-made garments and their pride was justified. There is no tiresome uniformity as to material or style. Each girl is allowed to express her individuality in selection of material and pattern.

The next afternoon we went to another slum district for a mission Sunday school. Here living conditions were similar to those I had seen before—dire poverty and squalor everywhere. As we walked toward the mission we saw children picking over the garbage dumped along the curb. One tiny room used to serve meals was so crowded that a woman washed dishes on a table on

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the sidewalk. In places the houses were scarcely three feet apart.

Curious as to how upper-class young Panama spends its free time, I sat on the plaza in front of my hotel that Sunday night and watched the teen-age young people around the band stand and on the benches under the trees. The cement squares under foot were splotched with red petals from the royal poinciana trees, and from one corner came the sweet odor of the India coffee-berry bush. It was a perfect tropical setting where one might expect languidness and dreaming.

But the young people were far from dreaming. The boys were shamming fist fights, pushing each other, snatching the girls' hats, while the girls made an elaborate pretense of ignoring them and talking excitedly about nothing in particular. There was no segregation of girls and boys, but everyone was having a good time together in the general give and take that characterizes such a group in North America. Undoubtedly the close contact with the States has brought this freedom to Panama, for it is not general in most of Latin America.



Panama as a mission field is a challenge to the Evangelical church. The enterprises established have proved their worth, and there is vast need for expansion and new effort. Funds for the work are very limited. Only one of the denominational mission boards in North America, the Methodist, has taken up the task of sending

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the gospel to Panama outside of the Zone, and the mission superintendent must divide his time between this nation and Costa Rica.

The greater part of the republic is not reached by any Evangelical influences. Here is a situation where the youth of North America may some day have a real contribution to make.



Chapter Nine

COSTA RICA—RICH COAST

COSTA RICA HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED THE MOST democratic country of Latin America. Perhaps one of the reasons for this is the fact that during its political changes, the fighting usually has been done with printer's ink rather than with guns. It is the only Central American country where anyone who disagrees with existing conditions or policies of the government can say so frankly in the press, and not be "taken for a ride" or exiled. Actually, the populace delights in calling names in the daily papers, thus letting off dangerous steam without leaving dead bodies around.

This was the republic our plane was approaching, with many an up and down. As we turned inland toward high mountains and black clouds, a red light flashed twice in the front of the plane and the words, "Fasten seat belt," were illuminated. Rising rapidly, we headed into the clouds through a pass between mountains, and the reason for seat belts was suddenly evident. We would have been a scrambled lot had we not been anchored to the seats. A general laugh went around after

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we caught our breath, and the next time the plane dropped out from under us and then came back up as we were on the way down, we accepted it more philosophically. This cross between a baby carriage on wheels and an absent-minded elevator kept us guessing, and there was a general feeling of relief when we began circling above San José and finally glided down on to the landing field.

Costa Rica is unique in Central America for its homogeneous and one-language population. The Spaniards found only about forty thousand Indians, who were easily subdued, and today there are fewer than four thousand in a population that stems largely from European stock and uses the Spanish tongue.

The standing army of Costa Rica is numbered in hundreds only, and there are more teachers than soldiers. Over nine times as much money is spent on education as on the army, which explains a remarkable achievement—in fifty years Costa Rica has reduced her illiteracy from seventy per cent to the thirty-two per cent that we have noted earlier. However, advanced education is not yet universal.



Like Panama, Costa Rica has been neglected by the Evangelical denominations of North America. At one time there were seven Methodist missionaries, but the last one left in 1932 because of lowered finances. As we previously noted, the one Methodist superintendent

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who has to cover the two republics of Panama and Costa Rica is faced with altogether too large and difficult a task. In San José there is a beautiful Methodist church with a national pastor who carries on a full weekday program including a night school, but there is intense need for many more such centers in this nation where public education and the gospel of Christ must go hand in hand.

The Central American Mission has labored many years here, and has been a pioneer mission in other Central American countries. This mission is independent and undenominational, and is supported by individuals in the United States. Its early missionaries bore the severe persecution that fell to the lot of all Evangelical workers in those days, and many of them lost their lives from tropical diseases. Their fearless spirit lives on today in a young couple I visited in Turrialba, high in the mountains.

The journey to Turrialba by train took two and a half hours, for which I paid the equivalent of fifty-one cents. The scenery alone was worth several times that amount. After crossing the fertile plateau we began to worm our way up the mountains. The engine was visible from the coach most of the time, first on one side and then on the other.

Along the station platform venders were selling avocados, peaches, cakes, candies, and feather dusters. Women and girls carried glass-covered boxes containing plates of food, even fried chicken and rice, and the dogs skulked along behind, waiting for bones that might de-

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scend from the car windows. Each seller vied with the next to see whose voice could carry farthest. The diners looked no better than the voices sounded, but I could not resist investing a penny in two peaches, just because they seemed such a novelty in this part of the world. And what novel peaches they proved to be! Having no enemies to kill, nor even anyone with whom to play baseball in the coach, I gently dropped my two purchases out of the window in an uninhabited part of Costa Rica, feeling I had learned a valuable lesson at the cost of a penny.

The scenery was breath-taking: deep ravines bridged by high trestles; rushing mountain rivers; waterfalls white against the mountainsides; tiny houses with thatched or tiled roofs, many of them with a cleared level place in front for the drying of coffee, the principal product of Costa Rica. Bananas, the second crop, lay in tight bunches along the tracks, waiting for shipment, probably to the coast port and thence to North America. For once I felt that a tourist pamphlet had told the truth: "Peace, tranquillity, beautiful scenery—and the climate always a morning in spring." Not even the orchid was missing, for a passenger boarded the train with an entire plant in a basket from which hung two of the most perfect and beautiful orchids I had ever seen.

The train pulled into Turrialba at noon, where the young missionary couple gave me a warm welcome. "We don't know who you are, but we're happy to have you," was their greeting, and I realized that a ten-word

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telegram could not tell much. However, we were well acquainted before we reached their little home beside the church. By the time we went in to lunch I had caught the exuberant enthusiasm of these two for their work. Most young people would feel very cut off, so far from the city and from companionship with those of their own country. But there was not a tone of regret as they told of trips into the mountains.

"Literally thousands are my parish," the young man told me. "Except as I go among them they have no spiritual guidance. I carry the Good News to them and distribute Bibles, and they are thankful. The opportunities are limitless."

"How do you travel?" I asked.

"By train to the nearest station, and then I generally walk or occasionally I get a mule, but not often."

"Such frequent separations must be hard on you," I said to the wife.

"Yes, the children keep me here. So I stay home and pray that poisonous snakes or some wild animal won't get him, and I am always thankful and relieved to see him coming back at the end of the week."

After his week in the mountains this missionary has charge of the church services on Sunday in the town. There is an active young people's group of about fifty, and he feels keenly the lack of a recreational hall for some form of organized play and good times for these young people. The small home cannot accommodate them, although it stands wide open for any who wish to come. In the short time I was there, several callers

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brought their problems to the pastor for discussion and advice.



These two young people, working without the backing of a church mission board, are accomplishing a great deal in that remote spot. What a constructive service the denominational mission agencies could give to the many similar out-of-the-way places in this country if they would plan the task together and provide adequately for its requirements!

Costa Rica—Rich Coast! Yes, rich in many ways. But there are thousands of her people who are tragically poor in spirit as they wait for someone to give them Christ's gospel; someone to lead them into Christlike living. The few missionaries on the field and their consecrated co-workers feel they have barely touched the surface of the possibilities. Clearly the churches of North America have not done what they should, either for Costa Rica or for Panama. What are we going to do about it? It is not yet too late.



Chapter Ten

THE HEART OF NICARAGUA

THE COACH IS AT THE DOOR." HOW MUCH MORE important it makes one feel to be summoned by those words than by a honk! And what an exciting time it is to ride in the brightly painted coaches of Managua, rumbling over cobbles or along the few pavements or down the plain dirt streets between low adobe houses! The driver works almost as hard as the horses, clucking, admonishing the animals and other drivers who get in his way, clanging the foot bell, and swinging aloft a long whip that cracks down on the top of the vehicle with a snap, making a greenhorn rider dodge. Coach riding is never monotonous, and either it is a good aid to digestion or upsets whatever good digestion one may have. This is only one of the truly foreign experiences of the foreigner in Nicaragua.

There are other things, too, such as the heat. A wise visitor follows the advice of getting up at four or earlier in the morning, while the night coolness is still abroad, and doing whatever serious work needs to be done before the tropical sun goes on a rampage.

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The trying climate means a constant struggle for health, for Nicaraguans as well as North Americans. In one series of tests in a mission school, it was found that ninety per cent of the children were suffering from intestinal parasites, those vicious sappers of vitality. The government is now giving free tests and medicine to school children in its effort to improve public health.

A poet of Nicaragua, Salomón de la Selva, paints a lovely picture of his native land in the words:

But when the moon is up in Nicaragua,
The moon of Nicaragua, and the million stars,
It's the human heart that sings, and the heart of Nicaragua
To the pleading, plaintive music of guitars.

But unfortunately this country is not all moonlight and music, in the past nor in the present. Life is grimly real when it comes to volcanoes, earthquakes, and revolutions, of which there have been too many in this region of honeysuckle and hummingbirds.



The turbulence of Nicaragua's political affairs has been due in part to a long-standing division of the populace into Liberals, with headquarters in León, and Conservatives, with headquarters in Granada. William Walker, as we have seen, took advantage of this situation in his effort to establish a dictatorship. Other revolutionists have played up the political and religious controversies of the two sides for their own gain. Even

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Uncle Sam felt it his duty to preserve internal peace, intervening six times between 1899 and 1933, the last almost continuously from 1912 until his final withdrawal in 1933. Yet as we continue, we shall see the beginning of a great change that must in time break down the wall of hatred that has kept the people divided against themselves.

The largest republic of Central America, Nicaragua has one of the lowest population densities per square mile, only about twenty-four. The people are largely a mixture of Spanish and Indian. Although the nation was named for a powerful Indian chieftain, Nicarao, there are today only a few thousand full-blooded Indians. These are scattered in tribal groups throughout the country. A considerable Negro strain is to be found among the people along the Caribbean Sea—a region called the Mosquito Coast. Negro laborers were brought in from neighboring British islands and have mingled to some extent with the Indians.

While the church and state are separated, the Roman church has more legal authority in Nicaragua than in any other of the Central American republics. Priests are paid by the government to give Roman Catholic instruction, which is required in the public schools.

The first Evangelical missionaries in Nicaragua were the Moravians, who have proved themselves heroic pioneers for Christ in so many lonely and difficult parts of the world. They established themselves on the east coast in 1849, serving first among the English-speaking people. Later they extended their mission to include the

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Indians, with the result that the coast has been largely Christianized. It is the one section of Latin America, apart from the English-speaking islands, where over half the population is Evangelical.

Missionaries along the Mosquito Coast have given the Misquito Indians the New Testament, part of the Old Testament, a hymn book, and a devotional book, as well as a grammar and dictionary, in their own language. Probably no other lowland Indians in Latin America have been provided with as much religious literature as have these of the east coast of Nicaragua.

The Episcopal church has work among the English-speaking groups, as well as a small Indian project. The Baptist church maintains an Indian mission on the Corn Islands. But the great task of Evangelical Christianity in Nicaragua is among her Spanish-speaking people, for they form by far the bulk of the population. The outstanding contribution in mission enterprises among them has been made by the Northern Baptists from the United States, who established a full Evangelical program in 1917. The influence of the Baptist churches, schools, and medical service is felt in all parts of the republic.



Not long ago the boys of the Baptist School, in Managua, were playing the Jesuit (Roman Catholic) School of Granada in a hotly contested game of soccer. Each was winner in its district, and this was the big game to determine the championship. Excitement ran high, not



Methodist Print

People around the rim of the Caribbean earn their living from the soil. Some work on the large plantations controlled by owners outside the country; others have small farms of their own. Much of the city business grows from the agriculture of the rural sections. And scenes of cultivation, such as this on the steep hills of Puerto Rico, are typical throughout the area.



M. A. Nichols

Indian families in rural Central America often live in thatched-roof huts, meagerly furnished and crowded with relatives.



In the cities and towns, however, there are lovely, tasteful homes built in the Spanish style, with delightful gardens and patios, showing the people's inherent love of beauty.

Carol McAfee Morgan



Pan American Airways

The national theatre in San José, Costa Rica.



The small homes of Central America are found even on the slopes of active volcanoes.

Poverty is not confined to the country, and in the cities the poor are crowded together in slums.

H. Armstrong Robert





. Armstrong Roberts

The old and neglected and forgotten are the especial concern of the Evangelical church as it works to bring comfort and hope to all people.



Carol McAfee Morgan

The battle against illiteracy has begun in Haiti. Grown-ups are beginning to read their Creole language, recently reduced to writing.

The pupils learn more than reading and writing from their teachers; they learn to free themselves from the fears and superstitions of centuries.

Carol McAfee Morgan





. Armstrong Roberts

Many interesting types of people live in the Caribbean countries, such as the cowboys of Costa Rica.

Quiché woman of Guatemala

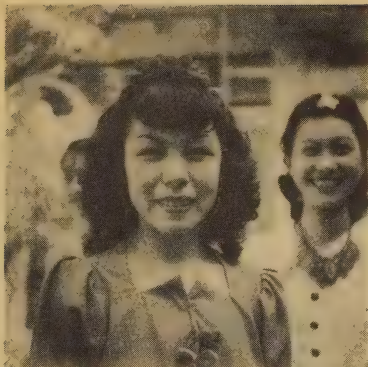


Christina and Fulvia, San Blas
girls in Panama

The Indians of Central America have survived the brutality and greed and oppression of the Spanish conquerors, and many of the tribes have preserved until today their traditional customs and ways of living. But they are anxious for the benefits of education, and most of all, they are eager to hear the message of Evangelical Christianity.



Indian mother and baby, Guatemala



A Havana girl of Chinese
and Cuban ancestry

Never before have the young people of the American republics lived in a more exciting era of history. For their task is the establishing of friendship and international help on a permanent basis. Through and with the boys and girls of Latin America the Evangelical church is moving toward the new day of neighborliness.

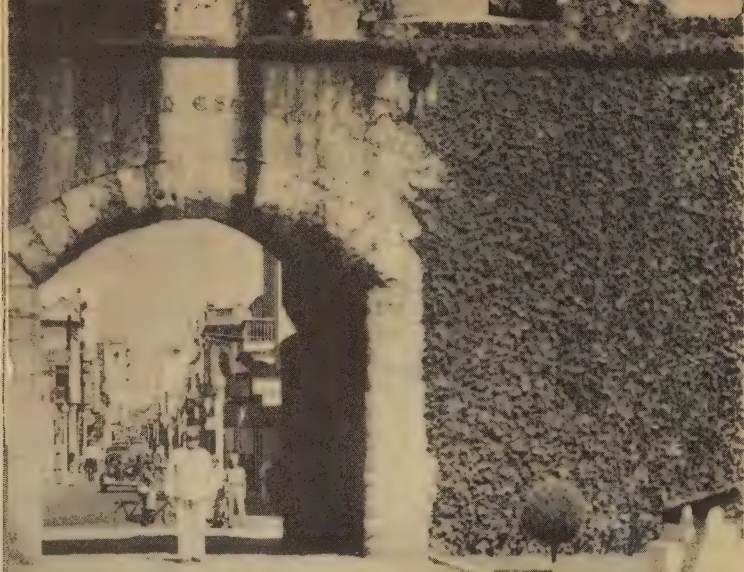


Carlos of Nicaragua



Pedro of Honduras

*Photographs by
Carol McAfee Morgan*



Photograph by F. R. Thorne, Presbyterian Board of National Missions

An ancient gate in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic, opens on a busy, modern thoroughfare.

In Ciudad Trujillo stands the First Evangelical Church, the headquarters of the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo.

Photograph by F. R. Thorne, Presbyterian Board of National Missions





Photograph by F. R. Thorne, Presbyterian Board of National Missions

Dominicans were once fearful of hospitals, but Hospital Internacional has grown to be a beloved and trusted friend.

Every Thursday night the choir of First Church broadcasts its weekly devotional services throughout the Caribbean nations.

Photograph by F. R. Thorne, Presbyterian Board of National Missions





W. Stanley Rycroft

Dr. Elena Trejo, Guatemala's first woman physician from among the Indians, plans to work with her own people—the Quichés.



Carol McAfee Morgan

Many Puerto Rican students have found new faith and ambition through the influence of Domingo Marrero and his wife.

The Presbyterian Hospital at San Juan ranks with the best hospitals in the United States.

Carol McAfee Morgan





Methodist Prints

The mixture and variety of races in Puerto Rico are apparent in this high school group.

Arturo Parajón of Nicaragua is one of the leading Evangelicals of Central America, and was chosen as delegate to the Madras meeting in 1938. He and his wife serve First Church in Managua.



Carol McAfee Morgan

The ice cream man is pretty much the same, whether he is selling cones in New York or *helados* in Costa Rica, and he is always surrounded by children.

H. Armstrong Roberts





The center of Evangelical Christianity is the church, whether in great city congregations such as Central Church in Guatemala City or in smaller fellowships in villages.

Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions



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only in the field but among the onlookers. It was a good game, marked with fine sportsmanship on both sides, and the final score was a tie. Apparently that was the end of the matter.

But it wasn't the end for a certain small boy, a student in the Baptist School, who knew something that had changed the result of the game. Several days passed before he could make up his mind to confess the truth, but when he did, he told his story clearly and convincingly.

Toward the end of the game, when everyone was cheering madly for their team, the boys of the Jesuit School kicked the ball right up to the Baptist team's goal. Everyone thought it hit the post and bounded back. The little fellow alone knew what had happened: the ball had struck him as he stood back of the goal line—where, of course, he had no business to be—and had then bounced back on the field. This goal would have given the championship to the Jesuit School.

There was no hesitation on the part of the coach when the boy told his story. He wrote the Granada team at once, acknowledging their victory and apologizing for the unfortunate mistake of one small boy. But the boys of the Jesuit School were not to be outdone in sportsmanship. They insisted on regarding the result as a tie, and invited the Baptist School to come to Granada as their guests and play off the title. And only twenty years before, in that same city, a mob of five thousand had tried to stone Evangelical workers, yelling, "Death to the Protestants!" Late that same night only the fact

that a bomb intended to destroy the mission house had been misplaced prevented the death of all the persons in it. Surely boys such as these good sportsmen in Nicaragua's schools today will grow into men who will lead the once turbulent country forward to a future of good will and cooperation among all its citizens.

Until the Baptist School opened in 1917, co-education for the upper grades was unknown in Nicaragua, and it is still limited to this one institution. Violent prejudices had to be overcome at first, but it has won the confidence of the people. It is full to capacity and more buildings are badly needed to care for the rapidly growing numbers.

The lives of these students make interesting stories. One of the girls had had a very unhappy life before coming to school, where she found the only real home she had ever known. Later on, she chose her husband from among her schoolmates. They were married after graduation and are now in charge of one of the mission day schools in the mountains. When they moved to their new field, they sent the missionary family a pair of chickens with this note:

"The hen is the Lord's. So please pay one cent in your United States money to the church for each egg. If you eat her, you will also pay her value to the church. We are sending her to you because she is very fine. The rooster is a gift from us."

Besides the school, the mission maintains fourteen churches and thirty-seven outstations, six grade schools, five of them outside of Managua, and the Evelyn Briggs

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Cranska Memorial Hospital on the outskirts of the city.

The First Church of Managua is a perfect illustration of the fact that a church does not have to depend on a building for growth or efficiency. This church must use the open-air auditorium of the school until it can provide its own house of worship, which must be large enough to seat at least a thousand in order to care for those who attend. The membership numbers over five hundred, and there are ten or more other congregations within a short distance depending on this church. All this work is under Arturo Parajón, a Nicaraguan, who is one of the leading national Evangelicals of Central America. His experiences as a delegate to the Madras meeting of the International Missionary Council in 1938 greatly enriched his life, and he brought back to his country and to Central America a world vision for Christ. As I sat in on a young people's meeting on Sunday afternoon and heard Don Arturo talk on "The Message of Christ in Africa," I could again feel that mysterious binding together of Christians around the world. Here was I, a North American, learning about African Christians from a Nicaraguan who spoke Spanish, a language I had studied with a Mexican in the Dominican Republic!

Not far from the Baptist School is the hospital where an American doctor and nurse, with the help of girls whom they are training, care for about four hundred patients and over six thousand cases in the clinic each year. Many patients walk for miles and arrive long before time for the clinic prayer meeting that precedes

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the doctor's examinations. One day a week the doctor and a nurse go to a village chapel, an hour by train, where they set up a clinic, curtaining off the platform for an examining room. The little church is crowded before the train gets in, some having come as far as twenty miles. One day is a short time, but the doctor often sees forty or fifty patients before he must rush for the train, possibly leaving less serious cases for treatment the next week.



The train for León was well filled, although the hour was five in the morning. There was much laughing and talking as passengers settled themselves. No attention was paid to me unless I asked a question, and the answer was always courteously given. How different that was from a report written in 1903 when a missionary told of the difficulties of train travel! If missionaries traveled second class, they were insulted the entire time; if they went first class, the other passengers moved as far away as possible. Not once in Nicaragua or in any other Central American country was I made to feel uncomfortable or to experience anything but the utmost courtesy. Could the same thing be said by foreigners traveling through the United States?

At seven o'clock I looked out the window to see a long white table on the station platform, and realized that most of the people were getting off. The diner! Well, I'd have a cup of black coffee, and said so to the little fellow who came to the train for possible orders.

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He brought it forthwith, but no sugar or spoon. On being questioned, he assured me there was plenty of sugar in the bottom of the cup but all spoons were *ocupada*. He offered, however, to take the cup back and borrow one of the occupied spoons if I'd wait. I told him both the coffee and I would wait, and please bring anything to stir with, whereupon he scrambled off and soon returned with an immense serving spoon, which served the purpose.

On arrival in León I went to the Baptist center—a former home turned into a church, with rooms equipped for the lower school grades. Here two hundred children gather daily under devoted native teachers and there are three other small day schools conducted by the Baptist church.

While most of the Indian population is centered on or near the east coast, a number do live in the mountains an hour by train from Managua. At Nindiri I saw a most interesting private collection of Indian relics found in the earth and in tombs, and brought together in a small home by a Nicaraguan telegraph and telephone operator. Don José entertained me over an hour with his interpretation of the various symbolic figures on burial jars and other ceremonial objects. When I asked him about Christianity among the Indians of colonial days he slapped his knee and threw back his head with a hearty laugh.

“The Indians Christian? The chiefs of the tribes played politics with the Spaniards, becoming ‘Christian’ because it was the safe thing to do. Then they waited

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their chance to stab the Spaniards in the back while secretly continuing their idol worship. That is how Christian they were." But this Nicaraguan knows the story is very different now, for he is a loyal worker in the little Baptist church across the road and helps with the weekly clinics when the doctor comes from Managua.

"Masaya" means "smoking country," and well it might, for the town is perilously near smoking Mount Santiago. From Masaya the general missionary supervises many chapels throughout the mountains and also has charge of a seminary for preparing national pastors, not alone for Nicaragua but also for El Salvador. This missionary tells of a group of boys, formerly in the school in Managua, who are now working in a gold mine. They were not religious leaders in the school, but when they got out among others to whom religion was nothing, they realized how meaningless life without the guidance of God can become. And so these lads have started a church, taking turns preaching and teaching. The company has given them land, and in time they hope to build a chapel.

Masaya is noted as the center for Nicaraguan hammock making. This is a home industry, done apparently in only one or two streets of houses. As I watched the workers turning the great wheel in the backyard where the hemp was twisted into rope, and then weaving that rope into hammocks in the dingy, smoky little huts, I wondered how many purchasers in that big department store in Chicago, for whom an order was then being

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filled, would guess the distressing conditions out of which these hammocks came. Children were underfoot everywhere; babies sat naked on the dirt floors; dogs and chickens and pigs wandered in and out; girls and women monotonously made *tortillas* in the corner, cooking them over an open fire on the floor.

Poverty is widespread over many sections of Nicaragua. One of the mission day schools charges one cordoba, approximately seventeen cents in United States money, for tuition each month. School opens on May 15, but many pupils do not enter until June 1 in order to save the eight cents tuition. What a great opportunity is here for Christians to help improve economic conditions in such a way that the people will have more comfort, health, and happiness!

"It's the human heart that sings," says the poet. But there are many hearts that are not singing in Nicaragua today, lives that will remain in darkness until joy and peace and purposefulness are carried to them by messengers of the gospel. Wherever the people have been reached through churches, medical work, and schools, individual hearts are filled with singing, and it is not too much to dream of the day when these songs of joy will reach the "heart of Nicaragua."



Chapter Eleven

TRAILS INTO BANANA LAND

THE MULES ARE READY," MY HOST ANNOUNCED one morning at the breakfast table. "We can start right away."

Why, oh, why, I thought, did I say yesterday that I would enjoy a muleback ride into the mountains, I who get stiff just going up and down stairs? Still, here I was in San Pedro Sula, in the beautiful, picturesque country of Honduras, and of course I wanted to see everything I could. That was how I had felt yesterday. Today I wasn't so sure.

But it was too late now. A divided skirt (the mountain folk wouldn't understand anything more modern) and shirt were produced. A silk kerchief was knotted jauntily around my neck, a sun helmet placed on my head, and I was led to the block where the mules waited. Chocolate proved a bit cross at being saddled and showed his teeth whenever human hand approached his bit. I wondered vaguely if his other end were as unfriendly and was relieved when the "Little Minister," a brand new missionary and one who was almost as unac-

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customed to mules as I, was safely seated on Chocolate's back.

My time had come. Hummingbird was brought alongside and I was hoisted aloft. I tried to appear intelligent over the momentous matter of reins and stirrups, and was even able to laugh when the "Big Minister" told of the woman who was asked if she wanted a saddle with horn or without. "Oh, without, I think," said she. "We won't meet enough traffic to need a horn."

That cheered the occasion, but it soon returned to stern reality when Hummingbird made for the gate, apparently feeling that no time should be lost. Fortunately someone had told him we were going to La Cumbre (The Height) for I couldn't have made anything clear to him in any language, what between losing my sun helmet down my back, my glasses down my front, and trying to hang onto the reins, saddlehorn, and camera.

We were soon high in the mountains, looking down on banana plantations where we counted twenty-three immense water sprays playing over the plants. Mountain people passed us, walking behind loaded mules, many of them carrying pineapples for market. Greetings were always exchanged. As we came to mountain homes the Big Minister chatted with the people, giving them leaflets from his saddlebag wherever there was at least one who could read. Malaria is prevalent in this section and many people showed the yellow color and listlessness that are marks of this devitalizing disease. Everywhere we saw poverty, bitter and unrelieved.

In front of one house stood a woman and a forlorn

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little girl. The mother carried a basket on her head containing corn for *tortillas*. In answer to my questioning she said she had come to her neighbors to ask for help, since she had nothing in the home that day for her children to eat. The donors of the food looked little better off as they stood listlessly in the door, one of them with her head bandaged. The Big Minister asked about her troubles and suggested a remedy she could easily prepare at no expense. The sufferer was grateful, and we rode on in silence, each thinking his own thoughts. No tracts had been left here, for no one could read. But a message of love and healing had been given and would dwell long in the hearts of these isolated women.

The downdrop was even less funny than the upclimb. At times it was a question of which leg to try to save, so deep were the gulleys that served as paths. Hummingbird would stop on a hairpin turn and look longingly out over the valley until I feared he was preparing to take off, and was uneasy until he again became of earth, earthy, and we slithered on down the mountainside. Just as the drop became most precipitous the Big Minister decided to catch up on his history of the West Indies. While hanging on frantically to the back of my saddle (to hold the horn now was simply tempting gravity) I made some kind of answer to his questions. Long after I realized that I probably told him Christopher Columbus was now teaching in the University of Santo Domingo and that the present president of the Dominican Republic discovered the island in 1492.

I didn't mind at all furnishing the mission family

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with amusement for the next two days by my picturesque downsittings and uprisings, and my futile efforts to get rid of pinpoint ticks. After all, it was such an old story to them!



I had come to Honduras from Nicaragua by plane, arriving first in Tegucigalpa, one of the few capitals of the world that is not on a railroad. Today that fact is much less serious than it was a few years ago. Now passengers from one town to another clamber into airplanes as unconcernedly as they once mounted horses. Anything that can get off the ground flies in Honduras.

As usual, when I entered a new country, I tried to recall some of its history. I remembered that, on his fourth voyage in 1502, Christopher Columbus had struggled with gales and strong currents for forty days, his ships were damaged and his sailors weak with fear. At last they doubled a cape on the extreme eastern coast and sailed at once into quiet waters. It is reported that Columbus exclaimed, "*Gracias á Dios que hemos salido de estas honduras*" (Thank God, we are out of those depths), and thus in one sentence named two places—the country of Honduras and the point of land known as Gracias á Dios.

After an overnight stop in Tegucigalpa, I boarded the plane next morning for San Pedro Sula, along with five women, five children, and two men. This was very different from the clipper trips. Suitcases, boxes, and crates were piled solid from the front seat to the door.

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The pilot did not seem to mind in the least scrambling over it all to get to his seat. Yes, this was quite a family party. Being the first on my side, I did my stint for the general welfare by several times rescuing a cardboard box of chickens that insisted on tumbling off the heap of luggage.

This branch line plane was no streamlined bird. It had old-fashioned full glass sides that allowed passengers an unobstructed view below. And it was indeed a glorious view! For a few minutes there was the shadow of our plane, like a child's toy, against a gray cloud below us, and around the tiny moving figure was a complete circle in rainbow colors.

Mountains soon gave way to the great northern coastland, where lay tremendous banana plantations. I remembered that Honduras and the island of Jamaica are the principal growers of bananas today. As viewed from the air, one would think this district alone capable of supplying the world. We had passed over no large towns and had direct evidence that the population of Honduras is largely rural.



On the edge of San Pedro Sula stands the mission compound of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. As we entered through the gate we were met by the quiet green of the garden where a huge breadfruit tree towered over us, its pendulant fruit like big green balls hanging under the immense leaves. Birds were calling, scolding, and whistling.

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But other sounds rose from the missionary home as we entered the passageway. From one side came the click of typewriters in a commercial class, and from across the hall, the eager voices of children reciting. They were not too busy, however, to look up and smile as we passed.

"You're crowded for room, aren't you?" I asked.

The missionary's face lighted. "Listen. Do you hear that hammering? That's from our new building that's being constructed. Soon we'll have a real schoolhouse!"

What that means to these missionaries, who opened up the work of this mission in Honduras in 1920, we can well imagine. They are seeing a dream come true. Fifteen years ago they realized that the strength of any nation is in her young people. Since that time they have steadily built up this institution from which have gone graduates to all parts of Honduras, young people with a meaningful life to live and a message to give.

These students come from all types of homes. Many of them have known only rough shacks in the mountain sections—like the girl who came dancing up to us at the close of the Arbor Day program. She took her teacher's hand affectionately and pointed happily to her new shoes.

"That's Delia," explained the missionary after the child ran off again to play. "I wish you could have seen her when she first came to us." Then she told about Delia's home in the mountains. It had only three walls, the rough mountainside furnishing the fourth protection against wind and storm. When her father brought her

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to school she walked the four hours while a mule loaded with onions picked its way down the mountain in front of her. The load was sold in town for one dollar and the father paid the school half of it for a month's tuition, then left one and a half dozen eggs for necessary school supplies. When her little bundle was unwrapped she had two dresses, a change of underwear, and a red cover for her cot.

Connected with this grade school in San Pedro Sula is a normal training school where twenty-five girls are preparing for the teaching profession. Many of them will later be the mission schoolteachers in the mountains that lie just back of the coastal plain.

One mountain village, Pinalejo, has for some reason been neglected in the Honduran public school system. There was no provision for education whatever until the mission opened a primary school. The missionary writes: "I thank God for the mission school established five years ago that has done so much for the children of Pinalejo. Two of our girls are now in normal training, while practically all of this year's fifth graders (the highest class) are preparing for church membership, looking forward at the same time to preaching, teaching, and nursing service." One little girl "inherited" three cows when her father died. She offered one of them to the teacher, asking for admission into the school. "I'd rather have the cow in my head than in the pasture," she said.

Besides providing education for this village, the mission supports a graduate Honduran nurse who works in

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the town and surrounding country. Writing of the work of this nurse, the missionary says: "In the three months that she has served, this young woman has cared for nearly five hundred patients and had thirty-seven families under treatment. I have seen her build many a fire in a motherless kitchen. I have seen her take the sheet off her own bed to cover the naked, and I am not speaking figuratively. She travels with medicine and Bible."

In San Pedro Sula, not only is a new schoolhouse under construction, but a personal gift from the United States has made possible the building of a fine church. As we entered the open-air room that is little more than a roof and platform, though used for so many years as the church, I realized how much the new building was needed. Wood and stone do not make a church, but they help mightily in providing moderate comfort and an atmosphere of worship. Through all the services the congregation was deeply reverent, but noises from the street were distracting.

Even this can have its advantage, however, for sounds can go both ways. Across the street is the city jail. Week after week one of the guards heard the music while he was on duty. Finally he crossed the street, still with his gun, and ventured to sit on the back seat. That was some years ago. This young man is now a pastor, having devoted years to preparation, for his education before accepting Christ had been only through second grade.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the church is very active, members taking turns going out into surround-

ing villages on Sunday afternoons. They walk, go on muleback or in a truck, depending on the distance. Theirs is not a society just for meetings among themselves. They take seriously the great command, "Go." One of their projects in San Pedro Sula is a Sunday school held on the street outside the city market. Sunday afternoons the group of young people gather at the church for prayer together, then go to the place of meeting, carrying the portable organ. I counted some fifty people gathered around the organ as they sang old hymns heard the world over. One of the most faithful church members, a carpenter, often comes to help, and, seeing some of his old cronies in the crowd, will speak directly to them. He knows what he is talking about when he tells them of the power of Christ to save. His own story goes back some years. Here it is.

The wife of the missionary heard her name called softly from a street door as she was going to town one day. Stopping, she found a sad-faced woman who said she was an Evangelical and longed so to talk with the missionary, but that she dared not come to church. Her husband was drunk most of the time and should he find her in company with the missionary even now, he would no doubt pour boiling water on them both. But would the missionaries pray for both her and her husband? Some time later Doña Blanca risked going to church. One night her husband was beside her. His conversion followed, and this man, now an excellent carpenter and one of the builders of the new church, represented the mission of Honduras at the conference of

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Central American Evangelical churches with Dr. John R. Mott, which was held in Guatemala City.

Not very long ago a group of young people in the United States sent a gift of money to San Pedro Sula to be used to help other young people. The missionaries had long wished for funds to have a summer conference, and here was the answer. It was decided that the girls should have the first chance and boys would follow soon, if possible. March and April being vacation months, the third week of April was chosen for the trip.

To choose the fortunate girls who would go was a harder task. The final list of ten showed such names as Candid, Piety, and Incarnation, all of them sounding much better in Spanish. Each girls brought foodstuffs to the value of fifteen cents and her hammock to sleep in, and off they started in the school bus with three missionary counselors.

What a time they had for four days! The son of a former president of Honduras gave them the use of space on the ground level under a farmhouse. Hammocks were swung between cement posts. Eight dogs shared this well ventilated dormitory, together with chickens and ducks. The meal table was under a spreading almond tree and the girls sat on mats for their classes in Bible, evangelism, and handwork. The last night there was a rededication service and a candle lighting ceremony in which each girl gave the response, "Here am I, Lord, send me," and the conference ended with the closed circle singing, "Have Thine Own Way, Lord." Since their return from this "School in the

Woods" these girls have shown in their deepened religious life what the four days provided by young people in the United States meant to them.



Instead of returning to Tegucigalpa by plane I decided to take the longer route by train and bus, despite warnings that the latter was something the like of which I had never seen on earth. When we filed into the garage at the end of a two-hour train trip, I saw at once that any description of that vehicle would be a gross understatement. When we were all in, a round dozen of us, the driver yelled "*Vamos*," and stepped on the starter, at the same time pulling or pushing everything on the dashboard, to which his engine responded enthusiastically and in its own style. A series of hiccups, belches, and backfires finally ended in a shattering explosion that sent us rolling out of the shed and down the road toward Tegucigalpa, which we would reach this time tomorrow—*si Dios quiere*. That Spanish expression, "God willing"—always used in Latin America to temper any plans made for the future—had real meaning on this occasion, and I was ready to say it in a dozen languages if it would help.

Then followed sixteen hours of sitting next to an insecurely latched door that opened directly onto the road or onto eternity, depending on where we were! It took some time to adjust to the idea that it was perfectly all right to swing out over an abyss or a roaring river;

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somewhere inland from where I sat, there were wheels that stayed in the road despite the driver's predilection for looking backward almost as much as he looked into the future. Every time I opened my eyes that first hour and a half, however, I was still in Honduras, and after that I relaxed and just let myself be transported. As we came over the brow of one mountain the passengers showed much animation, evidently looking for something that finally came in view—three crosses down the mountainside.

"What happened?" I yelled to my neighbor.

"Bus went over last month. Driver went to sleep," the man shouted back.

"Was it our driver?"

"Yes, he was one of those killed," came the answer.

Deciding that either my mind or my Spanish was slipping, I pressed the matter no further.

The afternoon of that first day we came to beautiful Lake Yojoa, high in the mountains. The bus was run onto the boat and we spent two hours crossing blue waters. Night overtook us before we reached Siguatepeque. Most of the passengers stayed at the inn for the night, while I went to the station of the Central American Mission. Little children from the neighborhood stood around the missionary, waiting to greet me in their musical Spanish. I thought of one of her predecessors who had written home: "I have been stoned, beaten, even chased and sworn at in other places; but never have I heard anything as bad as I heard in Siguatepeque."

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The little home was adobe, whitewashed inside and out, with a stone floor and rough beams overhead. The mattress was made of straw and the light was a coal oil lamp. As we sat at supper, lingering over delicious wild blackberry jam and hot biscuits, Miss Phillips told me about her people. So many of them were brought to Christ because she had been able to heal some member of the family. As a nurse she had been interested in every phase of their lives, even to teaching them, by example, how to dig drainage ditches.

"Malaria was such a scourge when I came," she said.

"But I do not have a net on my bed," I answered.

"No, you won't need it. We have done away with the mosquitoes. We owe that to the Good Neighbor policy."

Then she went on to explain that so long as Uncle Sam played the rôle of protector, with right to intervene in Central America, the Hondurans wanted no part of him, not even suggestions on sanitation. But since the new relationship has developed, many Honduran doctors are studying in North America and systems of sanitation have been introduced, even to Siguatepeque.

Outside, the night was completely peaceful and a full moon seemed to be drawing the very heart from the orange blossoms.

"Shall we go into the church?" Miss Phillips asked, and I followed through the fragrant garden.

Carrying that silence and peace with us, we sat in the little church and talked. The membership is small, for every prospective member is on probation for a year before he is accepted into a class definitely pre-

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paring to be received into the church, which is led by a Honduran pastor. Then more time is spent studying what it means to be a church member and a follower of Christ in everyday life.

Here, as in most of Central America, the initial step toward anything new in a church is usually taken by the missionary. So it was that Miss Phillips, with several children, carried the first rocks from the river bed for the construction of the new building. For two hours each morning they loaded and pulled a child's wagon to the vacant lot. As their pile grew the men decided they could spare time to help. For a long time the members had been saving money toward a church, not by sales or socials, but by dedicating part of their crops or their wages. When forty-five dollars was laid by, the foundation was started, though a completed temple seemed a far-distant dream. Then came the gift of several thousand mud bricks for the walls, and little by little the dream changed to a reality, until at last the Evangelicals of Siguatepeque had a house of worship, built and furnished entirely by themselves.

As we returned to the adobe house, I looked out over the moon-drenched valley.

"Wherever you turn in Honduras, you will see something beautiful," said Miss Phillips. She was speaking of nature but I was thinking of other beauty in this land of "Depths."

Although the workers here in Honduras are few, they bravely carry on, making firm and strong in human beings the spirit that will fashion a better world. And

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there is much that remains to be done in this country—illiteracy must be attacked, low health standards must be raised. There is the problem of uprooted people brought from their homes to work on banana plantations. There is also the question of labor conflicts, and what the church can do to help in building a more democratic economic and social structure. In many such areas the church has not yet been able to serve. This is the task for the next generation.



Chapter Twelve

A COUNTRY NAMED FOR THE SAVIOUR

IN THE SUMMER OF 1524, LEAVING DESOLATION and ruin behind it, the army of Pedro de Alvarado, one of the Spanish *conquistadores*, pushed north and entered a land of mountains and hills and upland plains. Arriving at the capital of an important Indian tribe, Alvarado had the chief executed and demanded that the people surrender to Spain. Terrified by his cruelties, the Indians fled to the mountains and spread the alarm to other tribes.

For three hundred years the Indians lived in slavery, dying slowly under the cruelty of their masters, who kept them ruthlessly at work in the tropical sun and in the mines. And this was the country the Spaniards had named El Salvador, "The Saviour"!

El Salvador, sometimes called just Salvador, is unique in several ways. It is the smallest of the Central American republics, and the only one with no Atlantic seaboard. It is thickly settled, its population having over three times the density of that of the United States. Volcanoes run the length of the country, and it is noto-

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rious for its violent earthquakes and eruptions. But these upheavals do not prevent the people from cultivating high on the slopes of the mountainsides, the fields often pushing up through old lava flows.

Mount Izalco, the most active volcano on this continent, is called the "Lighthouse of Central America" because the almost constant flames from its crater can be seen for miles. The formation of this peak is recorded in history. On February 23, 1770, no mountain existed. Suddenly the earth opened and spouted lava and showers of hot ashes, and Mount Izalco is said to have been built up to a height of nearly four thousand feet in a few weeks, its flames lighting up the landscape so intensely that sailors on the Caribbean were guided by them.

Possibly it is this uncertainty of nature that makes the people move faster than most Central Americans. They are largely Spanish, of the *ladino* type, with a very small proportion of Negroes. Indian characteristics have almost disappeared through the intermingling of blood. Businesslike, dignified, self-determined, and highly patriotic, the Salvadorians are at the same time very kindly and hospitable, making their country a pleasant place for visitors.

El Salvador is an agricultural country, with coffee and sugar its most important crops. Unlike some of the other republics in which a few families of great wealth hold most of the land in vast plantations, here there is a large number of small land-owners. November and December are coffee picking time, when there is money,

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free spending, and festival, and everyone looks forward to that period instead of dreading the work. In earlier days, when El Salvador suffered from revolutions, there was a tradition that no fighting should occur during the season for planting, since both armies always insisted on returning home to attend to it. In fact, it has been claimed that one reason revolutions do not succeed so well here is that while five thousand may start out to fight, all but fifty may drop out on the way in order to tend the coffee crops.



Soon after my arrival in San Salvador, the capital city, I visited the Baptist School. I think my first impression was neatness, for here in a model building were two hundred and fifty grade-school boys and girls dressed entirely in white. As we approached each door, the class stood up and answered our greeting. Each room seats forty pupils, and I remarked on how few vacant seats there were.

"We can't take in all who apply," the missionary principal told me. "So we have almost no trouble with absentees. They all want to come and only something serious keeps them away."

There was certainly something very intense in the way the students worked, and this same purpose showed up later on the playground. Three softball games were just then in progress, two among the boys and one for the girls.

"Does a teacher referee the games?" I asked.

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"Oh, no. The youngsters do that themselves."

As we walked from game to game we did not once hear an argument, nor was a minute lost over disputed decisions. Everyone was busy playing the game for the fun of it, and good sportsmanship seemed to be an accepted attitude.

"These children are certainly different from some others I've seen," I thought as we started toward town a little while afterward. But my thoughts were shattered as we turned a corner and approached a private school. It was recess, and we stopped dead still to watch, so great was the contrast to the scene we had just left. Every single boy or girl seemed to be acting as much like a hoodlum as he could, the idea apparently being to jump on his neighbor's back or shake off whoever was pummeling him from the rear. A distraught teacher was struggling to bring order, doing her best to avoid serious injuries as she tugged desperately at the nearest children.

What made the great difference between those two schools? The answer goes deeper than surface appearances. The moment children enter a mission school they sense a Christian atmosphere. They are taught self-control and dignity. Bible study is required, and there are daily chapel services. The students have the constant stimulus of association with a splendid faculty. From this school, and a similar one in Santa Ana, come the leaders of the Evangelical churches, while other graduates are exerting a definite influence in civil life. The scholastic contribution of these schools to El Sal-

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vador has been tremendous. We may well be proud that mission schools have set the model for government education in the republic, and that the government has recognized its debt to Evangelical missions.



It was early morning, and the public beach wagon was collecting passengers for Santa Ana, going to all parts of the city and waiting patiently while luggage was brought out and farewells said. At last, though, we were off on a journey that brought us within sight of the volcano Izalco.

Santa Ana is the second largest city of El Salvador, with over seventy-five thousand inhabitants. The Baptist School here stands on the mountainside overlooking the city, and with a view of the Santa Ana volcano. It consists of a grade department with over three hundred boys and girls, and a high school of a hundred students. The group, also dressed in white, showed the same dignity and purposefulness as those in the companion institution at the capital.

Two North American women missionaries are responsible for directing the Santa Ana school, and my admiration for their quiet, efficient manner of handling problems increased as I learned just what kind of situations they had to meet. There was, for example, the question of what to do with a group of ten boys who got into difficulty in a high school maintained by one of the international clubs in the city and who bragged

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they could always get into the Baptist School. "Just watch our dust," was their attitude as they left their grinning schoolmates behind. Almost anyone would have been tempted to hang an "Enrollment Closed" sign on the door and go on vacation when these troublemakers started up the hill. But not this principal! She greeted them quietly and admitted the ten boys to the student body, knowing what her faculty of Evangelicals could do. And she wasn't wrong. The day came when these boys were among the most loyal to the school, and nothing could have persuaded them to go anywhere else. A year later, when the other school had to close entirely, the director asked the Baptist institution to take over the upper class, and this was done.

While in Santa Ana I spent a Sunday morning at the city church. Housed in an old residence, it is fortunate in having a patio to care for the overflow, especially at the Sunday school hour. Long ago the old building was outgrown and now serves as an annex. Three hundred persons, mostly children, crowded into the auditorium and every corner of the patio that morning, and there were a hundred more meeting in other Sunday schools scattered over the city and under the direction of this church.

Classes for all ages were directed by efficient teachers. Music for the church service following Sunday school was led by a choir of young people under the direction of one of the few leaders in sacred music in Central America. This man is a graduate of the Baptist School and today teaches in the high school. Not only is he

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interested in directing the choir, but he also composes some of the music they sing. His volunteer service is a great help to the music of the church.



"We had better not start too early. Give the roads a chance to dry out," the missionary had said when we planned a trip to the Pacific coastal plain and the Indian country. His reason was sound, for recent rains had made the highway, which was not surfaced, very slippery, and only the heat of the sun could make it safe for car travel.

We climbed from two thousand to four thousand eight hundred feet, where the air was delightfully cool. Coffee plantations stretched out from either side of the road, and some of the homes were quite imposing. We could always tell when we were approaching a village by the large number of people on the road. From the highest point we looked down on six villages on the Pacific coastal plain. As is the case along practically the whole coastal region of Central America, banana plants formed a green carpet at the foot of the mountain, stretching off into the horizon.

"How far is it to Nahuizalco?" we asked a policeman at a road station. He waved his hand vaguely toward the mountain and gave us the benefit of his knowledge: "Oh, very far." The roughness of the road made distance seem greater than it really was, and indeed we traveled "very far" horizontally and ver-

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tically before the little village finally came in sight.

Nahuizalco is one of the towns that suffered a great deal in a labor uprising in 1932. The workers, many of them uneducated Indians, were stirred up by so-called communists who told them the day had come when they should be masters of the coffee plantations and owners of the wealth of the country. The revolt was suppressed by the government and the Indians were treated ruthlessly. It was estimated that some eight thousand Indians were killed, many of them simply shot into trenches, and some who lost their lives had nothing to do with the trouble at all. To make matters worse, enemies of the Evangelical missions started the story that all Evangelicals were involved in the plot, and numbers of them were shot without trial, the Indian pastor of Nahuizalco among them. For a long time no one dared go near the Evangelical churches in that section.

This treatment of the Indians furnishes one of the reasons why they are trying to lose their identity and become *ladinos*. Indian men no longer wear their native dress, and the women are using it much less frequently. They are learning to speak Spanish and forgetting their native tongue as rapidly as possible. This submerging of Indian ways of living is going on in Nahuizalco, although we saw them still making material for Indian women's blouses and wrap-around skirts on their hand looms.

We found the little chapel, and the Indian pastor was waiting in front to greet us, for word had carried quickly as soon as we entered the town. We passed through the

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church to the mud-floored home in the rear, where his wife was introduced. While we sat and visited, I could not resist looking around at the evidences of study. Well worn books had been placed above the reach of curious little hands, of which there were many in this primitive home. Don José and his wife know from experience what changes Christ can bring into the heart, for at one time they were engaged in an entirely different kind of life and their activities brought them afoul of the law. Now their whole devotion is given to *El Salvador* for whom their country is named. Before we left for the return trip we paused in the chapel for a word of prayer together, and I am sure I shall never hear a more beautiful and intimate talk with God than was the prayer of Don José.



Kenneth Grubb has called El Salvador "the most prosperous and enterprising of the Central American states." Yet he is forced to point out that "a number of districts still remain where the gospel has not been proclaimed at all. . . . Fully half the towns of over 5,000 population in the republic are without regular Evangelical work."¹

The churches of North America have a story of freedom and hope to tell to the nations. This little country of Central America is asking for that story. Villages

¹ From *Religion in Central America*, by Kenneth G. Grubb, p. 78. London, World Dominion Press, 1937.

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that do not have a single Evangelical resident are begging the missionaries to send a worker. Small though it is, El Salvador may one day be truly worthy of its name among the nations of the world.



Chapter Thirteen

THE INDIAN REPUBLIC

ELENA WAS BORN INTO THE QUICHÉ TRIBE OF Indians who live in the highlands of Guatemala. Centuries ago, before the Spaniards came in ships to burn and kill and conquer, the Quiché people had their own kingdom and laws and beliefs. The kings are long since dead and the Spaniards rule no more in the New World, but the customs of the Quichés have changed very little in spite of conquests or time.

When Elena was six years old her father died, and she and her mother had to provide for themselves and two younger children. They did this by grinding corn and making *tamalitos* (corn cakes wrapped in corn leaves) for sale. Sometimes, if the family was lucky, they lived in an adobe house; but if times were poor, then they huddled together in a hut built of corn stalks. Elena and the other children grew up believing that the sun and moon and stars, the rivers and flowers and even corn had certain supernatural powers. These things were gods to their mother, as to most of the other people of their tribe.

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The day came when the mother was forced by pressure of difficult circumstances to leave her family for a considerable time, and on Elena's thin shoulders fell the responsibility of caring for herself and the smaller ones. Sometimes they went without food for a day, two days. She tried to earn a living by supplying neighbors with water, drawing it from the town well in a huge earthenware jar. From daybreak to dark Elena drew water and carried this heavy jar on her head, filling about eight barrels a day. She was paid from three to five cents for her day's work.

When the mother finally returned Elena was eleven years old. Soon her mother told her that arrangements had been completed for her marriage to the son of a Quiché family living down the road from them. Elena didn't want to get married at all. The boy chosen for her was six years older than she was; she had seen him only a few times and had never talked with him. But there was nothing she could do. Her mother was determined, and her future mother-in-law called every month with gifts—wines, and liquor, and food, in addition to the two dollars she had given to Elena's mother at the time of the betrothal. The boy's mother kept a strict account of all her gifts, for in reality she was paying for Elena.

Before the child could scarcely realize it, her wedding day was at hand and she was taken sobbing to the church. Here a kindly priest tried to console her, and finally, upset by her distress, he refused to marry the couple, saying that the girl was too young. He told the mothers to wait for a year, and by that decision Elena

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was saved for a life of real happiness and usefulness.

In the year that followed Elena became acquainted with some Spanish girls who told her that she shouldn't be thinking of marriage, but should be learning how to read and write. Watching them inspired her to begin, and soon she could sign her name. Then, during the few months she had left before the marriage, she kept trying to discover where she could go to learn how to read. She got little encouragement, but she made up her mind she wasn't going to marry the boy who had been selected for her.

It was only a week before the wedding when Elena was told about a school in San Antonio, and friends helped her make arrangements to enter without her mother's knowing. She was ready to start from home when she found out that the school was Evangelical. That was dreadful. Elena couldn't decide which would be worse—to get married or fall into the hands of those terrible people, the Evangelicals, who killed persons and hated God and even ate children. She had heard such stories all her life.

What should she do? The days were passing and still Elena didn't know which choice to make. And at the very last minute, four hours before the wedding, she took a chance on the Evangelicals and ran away to school.

Her fright increased as she approached San Antonio. Would the Evangelicals really look like the devil, with long horns and red tails as she had been told? No, to her relief, they appeared just like ordinary people, but

they did some very strange things that first night. They closed their eyes and lowered their heads and someone talked. Later the girls put on long white gowns and she wondered if they were turning into ghosts. Her terror became real indeed when the matron insisted on washing her feet. Was she being baptized in devil water and made one of them?

Elena did become one of them after three months, but of her own will and desire, and her life became increasingly purposeful. She was a quick student and, inspired by the example of the missionaries, completed the six years of grade school and then went to La Patria in Quezaltenango. She decided to specialize in medicine, and traveled to California, where years of study all but wrecked her health, and only her determination and faith in her choice kept her to the day of graduation. After a period as interne in the Presbyterian Hospital in Puerto Rico, Dr. Elena Trejo is back in her beloved country, preparing to take the difficult national examination for her license to practise medicine. The ambition of this first woman doctor from among the Indians in Guatemala is to bring health and spiritual healing to her own people.



Until the visitor has seen the Indians in their own country, he has not seen Guatemala, for in spite of the modern aspect of the larger cities, the country is overwhelmingly Indian in population. Until 1937, Guatemala was cursed by a peonage system among her In-

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dians. For generations it had been the custom for the tribes to migrate from their little mountain farms, which do not yield a living the year round, to the coffee plantations, where the whole family would pick coffee berries for several months. Before 1937 any employer could retain a worker who owed him money, and numbers of the Indians were never out of debt. Fortunately that form of slavery has been abolished, but the system of migration continues.

There is also a serious health problem among the people, since so many of them now suffer from malaria and hookworm. The latter disease was originally found only in the hot lowlands, but it has been carried to the uplands by migrating Indians. One family out of ten remains to care for the farms in the high mountain valleys while the others work on the plantations for twenty to thirty cents a day for the entire family. In some sections ninety per cent of the inhabitants are gone four or five months of the year. The government is awake to the problems of its Indian population, and among other things is providing some free medical care.

When not on the plantations, the Indians live in communal groups. The land is owned in common rather than by individuals. It is interesting to note that Indian women hold a higher place in the home than do the Spanish-speaking women, though the latter have all the opportunities of education that the Indians have not gained as yet. The Indians believe that every mountain has its god and that everything is animated by spirits.

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There is a witch doctor to approximately every ten families, and they naturally resent the presence and teaching of the Evangelical missionaries who tell the people of another God—a God of love.

Quezaltenango, the center of the Quiché Indians, is the second largest city in the republic, and is some eight thousand feet above sea level. I came by automobile from Guatemala City, and the highway certainly had its ups and downs, as did the tires of our car. But the intervals while the men strove to repair the damages were spent watching the many Indians pass down the road with their loads of fruits, vegetables, pottery, and chairs. Their burdens were carried on the back with the weight on a rawhide strap, or tump-line, across the forehead. Many went at a dog trot, and it is said that the Indians are so accustomed to carrying heavy loads that when they return home they sometimes put stones in the empty carrier to help them keep their balance. Some carry their wares a hundred and thirty miles and sell them for just enough to buy food on their way back home. Babies were swung in blankets over the mothers' backs, and usually were completely covered except when a foot or hand managed to get free. As we passed through the villages, mothers covered their children's heads; whether they thought we would cast an evil spell on them or whether they feared the dust, we didn't know.



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Evangelical missions entered Guatemala at the personal request of its president in 1882, when the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. sent its first workers. While persecution from individuals or even mobs could not always be avoided, missionaries have had the protection of the government from the start. Quezaltenango was one of the first centers to be opened by the Presbyterians, and today we find a strong Spanish church, La Patria School for Girls, an American nurse, and extensive work for the Quiché Indians radiating from this mission. The general missionary who supervises rural churches and has charge of Evangelical work in the immense banana region on the coast also has headquarters here. La Patria is the only mission high school for girls in Guatemala and its influence has been tremendous.

The North American nurse in Quezaltenango does not confine her work to this one city, but goes wherever needed. She holds a weekly clinic among the Mam Indians in Ostuncalco, using a room in the mission compound. She is interested in improving sanitation and health everywhere. The government sanitary department is most appreciative of the work being done and cooperates with the nurse, as she does with them.

Recently this nurse learned of a section where typhus was raging. Sixty people in one village had already died, and when she came back and reported conditions to the sanitary department, the government asked her to help. They supplied medicines and sent a doctor with her on the difficult automobile and horseback trip to the stricken village. When the two arrived, the Evangel-

ical church was opened as a hospital and here the nurse and native pastor fought not only for the lives of their patients but to stamp out the disease in the village. Typhus is carried by body lice, so it does not require much imagination to realize the danger to the lives of these two tireless workers. The day finally came when the last patient went home and the little church became again a house of worship. Christianity took on new meaning for this village because of this fearless American woman and her helper.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Burgess work especially among the Quiché Indians, for whom they have translated the New Testament and other material. At Santa María, in the mountains, they supervise a training school for Christian workers. It is situated on a farm where the boys learn subsistence farming along with their studies. On Sundays these students go out through the mountains, holding services at various points, then returning to the school for another week of instruction. This is a fruitful combination of education and practical work.

As we traveled by automobile from Quezaltenango toward Palmar near the Pacific coast we passed Indian men and women whose dress indicated what village each came from. They were bare-footed, and I wondered how they stood exposure to the below-freezing temperature of the winter months. (This was the warmest season of the year, and I had slept the night before in a sweater under four blankets and was still cold!) At night the poorer Indians roll up in blankets and sleep on the dirt floor.

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In Palmar we were welcomed in the home of Don Marcelino, whose life story would make a fascinating novel. Years ago Don Marcelino was a supervisor of prison labor on the roads. There was an Evangelical in his gang who always bowed his head before eating, and who was seen reading his Bible whenever an opportunity offered. Don Marcelino was interested. He asked questions, thought over the answers, and finally decided to become an Evangelical. But it wasn't easy for him, and for a long time he refused to make a public confession. Then one day Dr. Burgess opened his door to a knock and there stood Don Marcelino. "I've done it!" he announced. Some of his fellow-officers had been telling falsehoods about the Evangelicals. Don Marcelino stood it as long as he could and at last, in no uncertain terms, set them right. He had finally made his confession of faith before these men who had been his cronies. The relief was so great that he had walked thirty miles to tell the missionary.

Don Marcelino became a preacher, but retained his little farm. He dedicated his coffee crop to the Lord, and whatever he made from it was set aside until he was able to build a little chapel and later a school-house.

His home was on the mountainside where he and his wife lived happy Christian lives with their children around them. One Saturday night the parents went to town for prayer meeting. While they were in the chapel, the volcano Santa María erupted, sending a river of lava down the valley, taking everything with it. Among

the homes destroyed was that of Don Marcelino. When they reached the scene, they found four children and four other relatives dead. One of the daughters was found in the attitude of prayer—she who had planned to go to Guatemala City and enter nurses' training.

This man and his wife are not young any longer, but they are still laboring for God. While we were there they were giving shelter to three strangers who had been caught in a storm while carrying loads to market.



Sunday is the big market day in all large towns, and Ostuncalco is no exception. Here, the market was set up in an open square, a city block in size, exhibiting for sale pottery of every description; crude sugar wrapped in leaves; packages of incense to be purchased and burned to the gods of the mountains; fresh fish and alligator meat; a row of gay textiles; and a score of sections including all kinds of food.

Sunday school must be held at night in this district, for many people depend on the Sunday market for their livelihood and make the long trip home after market breaks up at noon. This particular morning three Evangelical market women were preparing their lunch in the church patio where they would eat before starting the eighteen-mile tramp homeward.



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The Mam Indians, like the Quichés, believe in spirits that dwell in mountains and rivers and are jealous of the loyalty of their worshippers. Consequently the people are sometimes vengeful against missionaries who come to offer them another kind of religion. This resentment took a fiery form not long ago, and the victims were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Peck, who have worked ten years to give the Mams a written language and the New Testament.

While the family was living in an Indian thatched-roof house, a group of five witch doctors called on Mr. Peck, threatening either to run him out of the country or kill him. As it happened, the Roman Catholic church in the village burned shortly after their visit. The spirit-worshipping Indians also venerate the image of the Virgin and the saints. At the time of the fire, the priest in charge of the church was on the coast, but this did not spare him the wrath of the Indians, who said he should have been able to prevent the fire no matter where he was. They refused to permit him to return to the town, and the young priest who followed him is still having a hard time trying to convince the people of their error.

But after the church had burned, even to the image of the Virgin, the Indians felt that the Evangelicals should be made to suffer, too. At midnight, while the family was asleep, they set fire to the Peck home. Fortunately everyone escaped, although they lost practically everything they had.

When the mission heard the story, they voted to move

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the Pecks to a safer place. No, said the Pecks, it would be cowardly to run away. They would stay right where they were and go ahead with their work; and so they did, moving into another Indian house down the road.

The new house that the mission later built for the Pecks stands next door to the home of the chief witch doctor. He is still trying to figure out what had happened to the power of his mountain god that he did not prevent the building of the compound and that he does not destroy the missionary family. But another witch doctor who fell ill about the same time called his family about him, told them that the God of the Evangelicals was stronger than their own gods, and that he was going to die, which he did.

As we stood outside the house used as a chapel by a group of Mams, the worshippers came one by one to greet us, the women patting our shoulders as we patted theirs, the children bowing to have their heads patted or to "receive a blessing," and the men shaking hands. Someone has said that the Mam Indians are little larger than the pigmies of Africa and they are indeed very short, many of them between three and four feet tall, and light in weight.

Inside the little adobe room planks stretched across beams laid on the floor, some twelve inches from the ground, served as the pews. The women wore colored blouses and dark skirts, with bright shawls over one shoulder and across the front. Many had babies in their arms. As the men bent their heads one could see where the hair had been worn off by the everlasting tump-line

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by which they carry their burdens. But all burdens were forgotten that cold night as they sang hymns from the little booklet prepared by Mrs. Peck, who sat at the organ in her own Indian dress and played for them.

Just as I was getting to the place where I could sing the first line of "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" in Mam, Mr. Peck came in to say it was raining, and picking up the little organ, rushed to the car. A very slippery hill lay between us and home, and unless we left at once we might be spending the night on the road. But services were not over for the evening. Safely past the dangerous hill we stopped in the rain to attend another Sunday school.

Getting out of the car in pitch blackness, we filed down a steep path between tall corn to the little house where a group of twenty Indians were hearing the Sunday school lesson. How intent were their faces in the light of the little oil torches! On a homemade blackboard the attendance and record for the day were written, a touch of modern efficiency that appeared strange in these primitive surroundings. I cannot quite describe the feeling I had as I looked into their eager faces while I gave them a message of fraternal love from the other Evangelicals of Central America and the West Indies. After the few words were translated from Spanish to Mam, they asked that their greetings be given in return to all other children of God, wherever there was opportunity. And I promised.

In that mission compound the missionaries conduct a training school for Christian workers. Here nine young

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men were studying. After a few months in classes they return to their villages to lead their people.

From time to time reading campaigns are held in the mountains. The women as yet can be reached only through their native tongue, though many of the men have learned Spanish. Before the New Testament was translated into Mam, the men who were Evangelicals found it very difficult to lead their wives to Christ. They would establish family worship and read their Bibles in Spanish, but the women did not understand a word. Now that they can read from their Mam Bible and sing hymns in their own tongue, the story is greatly changed, and many entire families have been brought to Christ.

The translation of the Bible into the Indian dialect has been one of the great contributions of missionaries in Guatemala. When a New Testament just translated into the Cakchiquel tongue by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Townsend was presented by the American Bible Society to the President of the republic, he said, "This Book marks a great forward movement in our civilization."

Some time later an Indian chief from the town of San José Posquil called on the President to ask that no Evangelical be allowed entrance to his village, and presented a petition to that effect from the chiefs of the district. The President received him kindly and read the petition. Then he said, "Your people are bound by too many old customs. What you need is progress." Showing the Indian his copy of the New Testament in Cakchiquel, he told him that the key to the right kind of progress for himself and his tribe was to be found

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therein. The chief returned to his town and, seeking out a man who he knew believed in this kind of Christianity, borrowed a copy of the New Testament. Soon afterwards he journeyed to a near-by village where in an Evangelical church he made a public confession of faith.



Guatemala City has a population of over one hundred and sixty-five thousand, by far the largest city in Central America. In pleasures and comforts it compares favorably with cities of North America. It is also picturesque. Women dressed in the latest Fifth Avenue style mingle with barefoot Indians wearing bright blankets and carrying their babies on their backs. A shopper may enter the most modern stores, or go into the tremendous open-air market where wares of every kind are displayed on wooden tables that occupy a city block.

There is extensive Evangelical church activity in Guatemala City. Central Church (Presbyterian) is very active and its services are crowded. Sunday morning finds over five hundred in the Sunday school. There is also the large Cinco Calles Church maintained by the Central American Mission.

Norton Hall School for Boys is under the care of the Presbyterian mission. The morning we called, the boys were drilling in preparation for their annual school day parade when all the schools vie with each other on the streets of Guatemala City. Chins up and shoulders straight, these lads looked the part of the healthy, proud

schoolboys they were, and I little guessed the stories back of the individuals until I faced Miss Weeks in her parlor and heard her tell of her boys.

There is Juan, for instance. Most school directors do not go out of their way to hunt trouble, and Juan was trouble. His mother worked all day, leaving him to himself except for the hours he was in Norton Hall. Juan's choice of companions in his own neighborhood was anything but good, until he was finally running with a lawless gang in after-school hours. Miss Weeks offered to take him into the dormitory where he would be her headache twenty-four hours a day. He was a wild little animal at first and she had her hands full. In telling of her experiences with Juan, Miss Weeks ended the story by saying simply, "And now he is very happy."

I looked through the back door of her apartment into the patio that lay between her rooms and the boys'. There was part of the answer to her influence with her lads. That back door was never locked! "They know I am here and that they may come whenever they wish," she said, and I knew this was no cold institution but a home.

The Presbyterian Seminary resident students also live in Norton Hall. Besides resident instruction, the Seminary conducts correspondence courses in religious education for some fifteen young people, most of them employed in villages as teachers or in other occupations. Many of these towns have no radio, library, or even a newspaper, and the only intellectual outlet the

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young people have is through these correspondence courses.

Missionary medical work in Central America has of necessity been neglected, largely because of the expense involved in setting up the hospitals. But in Guatemala City we find the Hospital Americano under Presbyterian auspices. A school of nursing trains Evangelical girls while they help care for some sixty bed patients and the walking sick who crowd the clinic room every day. No one can ever measure the influence of the healing hand in this hospital, or in the ambulance clinics that are held several times a year in rural districts. When time for one of these clinics arrives, Dr. Charles A. Ainslie, the one North American doctor, with a staff of six nurses loads the ambulance with supplies for ten days of work, and off they go to some district where there is no medical care for the people. They may live in tents or may be fortunate enough to find a house. An evangelist goes with them and tells the patients of the Great Healer. Statistics show that in four clinics held in one year there were over four thousand treatments.



The republic of Guatemala has the distinction of having the largest percentage of Evangelicals of any Central American country, one for every sixty-one of her population. This is due to many things: the early history of Christianity in Guatemala; the balance of educational and evangelistic work; the high degree of

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cooperation among the Evangelical workers, which may ultimately result in a united Evangelical Church of Guatemala; and last but not least, the fine quality and ability of the missionaries who in past years have labored faithfully and today are giving their lives in complete devotion to the people of Guatemala.



Chapter Fourteen

OUR BROTHER'S BROTHER

*N*OW THAT WE ARE COMPLETING OUR JOURNEY together through eleven countries, let us pause for a backward look. We have seen many things, talked with many people, and one fact stands out clearly. There is a new spirit of friendship between the United States and the countries of the Caribbean world. This attitude came into existence when North America awoke to the fact that being our brother's keeper was not enough and that we must become our brother's brother.

The Christian forces of North America have made their contribution to this progress. The church has seen the needs that existed and has sent her missionaries to help. They have gone into hospitals and clinics, trained nationals in the ways of preventing and relieving pain. They have established schools, which in turn are sweeping away ignorance and superstition and are bringing to the nations a new type of Christian citizenship.

"Without the presence of missions, African paganism would be far more deeply rooted in the rural and

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urban populations of Haiti than it is today," writes Dr. J. Charles Pressoir, a Haitian. "Evangelical missions have created an Evangelical people who, though few in number, have a powerful influence on the life of the country."

And from Puerto Rico comes another testimony to the power of missions in the life of a country. Dr. José Osuna, dean of the School of Education in the University of Puerto Rico, says:

"Evangelical missions have made profound contributions to Puerto Rican life. Puerto Rico was, for four hundred years, a Spanish Catholic country with all the limitations that Catholicism had in Spain. Evangelical missions brought to Puerto Rico a different point of view of Christianity, a new conception of the worship of God through Christ, tolerance in religious worship, and competition with the established church which I believe has been very healthful to Catholic Christianity. Evangelical missions, together with the public schools, have been the greatest factor in establishing ideals of American democracy, free speech, free press, freedom of worship, and respect for the individual."

And further than that, into a tradition that conceives of work as degrading, missionaries have introduced the real dignity of labor. They have shown that modern devices, such as the radio, can be used to spread a more thorough understanding of the meaning of Christian life. Perhaps most important of all, they have stimulated the development of the national leadership without which no country can progress, and have provided the

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agencies for training such leaders. The missionaries have done these things, not as outsiders directing from without, but as brothers who live in nations they have adopted as their own.

But Evangelical missions goes far beyond church memberships, or numbers of patients in hospitals, or enrollments in schools. Let Mr. J. González Molina, of the American Bible Society in Havana and himself a Spaniard, describe it:

"I have traveled all over Cuba, visiting cities, towns and hamlets, and can assure you that the influence *del Evangelio*—of the gospel—has touched the lives of people everywhere. In my relations with the classes not in the Evangelical church I have noted the great respect which they have toward the Evangelical cause. I note quickly the difference between towns that have an Evangelical church and those that do not. The difference is noticeable in the care and cleanliness of people and towns alike. Without Evangelical missions, Cuba would never have progressed as she has, either culturally or morally. There is much yet to be done, but be assured that the influence of the Evangelical church is felt in every part of national life."

Now let us take a look ahead and consider the tremendous responsibilities confronting Christian young people in all parts of North America and Latin America. Work so well started must be continued at any sacrifice. Curtailment, because of lack of funds, means a backward step for which no church or individual wants to be responsible.

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But far beyond simply holding her own, the church must work toward expansion. Great untouched areas await the message of the gospel. All the resources that all the churches can devote to this part of the world are needed. No one Christian group is equal to this task alone. In these years of world crisis, might not Christians of all denominations link their efforts more closely, and use their influence to set forward the development of a unified enterprise in the West Indies and Central America that will strengthen and greatly extend the service of the pioneer Evangelicals who are already at work there?

Is it enough to have twenty-five North American nurses in Central America, fifteen of them in Guatemala, for a population of eight and a half millions? When we remember that Latin America depends on North American nurses to set up standards of nursing and start training schools, the picture is at the same time depressing and challenging. There is satisfaction in the knowledge that governments in several countries are now following what has been done in Evangelical hospitals, and are training nurses. But there are other republics that have provided no training for nurses whatsoever.

There is a great cry for more Christian literature throughout Latin America, not only Sunday school material and church papers, but all types of genuinely Christian books and magazines. In many places the local press is wide open to religious articles of any kind, and provides opportunity for missionaries and nationals

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who have literary talent and can be spared to give time to writing. Through its encouragement and help, the church might well develop writers who would devote themselves to the interpretation of Christianity in the lives of men.

Another need is for more bookstores. The sales volume of those now established may be reported in dollars and cents, but no one can measure their far-reaching effect upon life. They provide not only religious material, but the best general books and periodicals to be obtained in the language of the country and also in English. Bookstores are intellectual centers, exerting a wide influence for better things in literature and a deeper understanding of the spiritual.

From every side there comes the plea—more Evangelical schools! The church has only touched the possibilities of service through education, and must consider that responsibility more seriously. This does not mean schools alone, but night classes for the illiterate, more young people's summer conferences, vacation Bible schools, and similar enterprises. And all these things depend upon personnel and funds.

Missionaries of the highest skill and intelligence from the United States, as well as nationals, are needed to carry on the Christian mission of the future. Men and women whose lives are completely devoted to that mission and who are trained in special fields are urgently required. New opportunities are opening up in such areas as religious education, rural development, industrial relationships, and Christian social work. The

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Evangelical church must be ready to meet such opportunities.

A missionary must be capable as well as consecrated; he must have a deep appreciation of the interests and sensibilities of the people with whom he lives. He must be well prepared scholastically, socially, and culturally. This last cannot be overemphasized, for there will be more and more need for mingling with all classes of people. Some of the richest fruits of missionary service have come from informal contacts.

The work of the missionary may also include the interpretation of one people to another. Not long ago one missionary opened his door to a traveler who proved to be a professor from Northwestern University. He was seeking certain information which, through experience in certain Latin American countries, he found could best be obtained, as he put it, "from missionaries, for they understand the people as few North Americans do, and have their interests at heart." Not a small part of the service of missionaries is their ability to bind different peoples and nations together in friendship.

The task is too big for missionaries to shoulder alone. They must have the help of Christians at home, those whose prayers and money and encouragement make it possible for them to carry on their service. Their work must be reinforced by the influence of young people of Christian purpose and conviction who accept positions as commercial representatives, engineers, or teachers in Latin America. Everyday contacts offer unusual opportunities to develop Christian friendliness. Tourists in

OUR BROTHER'S BROTHER

Central America and the West Indies will enjoy visits to the mission centers of the Evangelical churches, and upon returning to the United States can help greatly in telling their own churches about this Christian fellowship. Every young person who strives to live up to the high ideals of Christian citizenship may help to develop a brotherly attitude toward those who live in the other Americas.

Students, businessmen, and workers from the West Indies and Central America often come to the United States for brief visits or to live permanently. Friendships may be formed with them that will bring mutual enrichment, for Latin Americans are interesting people to know and have a great contribution to make in this composite life that is shaping up in our Western Hemisphere. Every genuine friendship is one more link in the priceless chain of understanding between the Americans of the North and those of Latin America.

Young people of all the world are entering an exciting era of the world's history. You will live to see vast results of movements that are just beginning today. Never before have the nations of any such area as that occupied by the American republics, speaking different languages and rising from different cultures, set out so definitely to respect and help each other. Policies of governments, trade agreements, expression of good will through print, travel, and radio are all important. But vastly more important is the influence of the Christian church of which you are a part. The concern of the church includes the physical and economic welfare of

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these neighbors and much more. Through the centuries the call of the church has been for men and women whose lives express the friendly spirit that is the greatest need of Latin America and of the whole world. There is a task today for every young person who is ready to learn how to become his brother's brother.

Appendix

1. TABLE OF POPULATIONS, AREAS, AND ILLITERACY ¹

	Population	Area in Square Miles	Population Density per Square Mile	Percentage of Illiteracy
CENTRAL AMERICA				
Costa Rica	639,197	23,000	27	32.0
El Salvador	1,744,535	13,176	132	55.0
Guatemala	3,284,269	48,290	68	75.0
Honduras	1,038,061	46,332	22	82.0
Nicaragua	1,380,287	57,143	24	70.0
Panama	573,351	34,169	17	60.0
WEST INDIES				
Cuba	4,227,597	44,164	96	60.0
Dominican Republic	1,655,779	19,325	86	60.0
Haiti	2,600,000	10,700	243	75.0
Puerto Rico	1,869,255	3,435	544	31.1
Virgin Islands	24,889	133	187	16.1
EUROPEAN POSSESSIONS				
British Honduras	58,759	8,598	7	
Jamaica	1,173,645	4,450	264	
Trinidad	473,455	1,862	254	

¹ Area and population figures for the Latin American republics furnished by the Pan American Union; all other areas and populations taken from *The World Almanac, 1941*. Illiteracy percentages taken from *Analfabetismo y Cultura Popular en América*, by Professor Roberto Moreno y García, published by Editorial Atlante, S. A., Mexico City, 1941.

APPENDIX

2. READING LIST

THE books listed below represent but a small proportion of the wealth of literature now available on Central America and the West Indies. They have been selected for accuracy, up-to-dateness, and availability. The opinions expressed by their authors, however, do not necessarily represent the views of the author of this study book.

The books marked with an asterisk are especially adapted for use in a high school reading project.

Those who wish to consult a wider range of literature will find valuable suggestions in the mimeographed bulletin, "Selected List of Books (in English) on Latin America," issued by the Columbus Memorial Library, Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., for twenty-five cents. Readers will also find a comprehensive list with helpful notes in "Latin American Backgrounds: A Bibliography," published for twenty-five cents by the National Education Association of the United States, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. The *Bulletin of the Pan American Union*, a monthly illustrated periodical, will furnish excellent material on the present-day situation. It is published by the Union at a yearly subscription rate of \$1.50 for the English edition.

Leaders of groups studying Central America and the West Indies will wish to obtain a guide especially prepared for use with *Rim of the Caribbean*. It is entitled "Discussion and Program Suggestions for Seniors on Latin America," by Maud Upton, and is published by the Friendship Press. It may be secured either from denominational literature headquarters or from the publishers for twenty-five cents.

General and Historical

CARIBBEAN, THE: THE STORY OF OUR SEA OF DESTINY, by W. Adolphe Roberts. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1940. \$3.50.

CARIBBEAN AREA, THE, edited by A. Curtis Wilgus. Washington, D. C., George Washington University Press, 1934. \$2.50.

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- * CENTRAL AMERICA: CHALLENGE AND OPPORTUNITY, by Charles Morrow Wilson. New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1941. \$3.00.
- CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAS, by John I. B. McCulloch. New York, Foreign Policy Association, 1940. 25 cents. (Headline Books, No. 26.)
- * COLUMBUS CAME LATE, by Gregory Mason. New York, The Century Co., 1931. \$4.00.
- FUN AND FESTIVAL FROM THE OTHER AMERICAS, by Rose Wright. New York, Friendship Press, 1942. Paper, 25 cents.
- GOOD NEIGHBORS, THE, by Delia Goetz and Varian Fry. New York, Foreign Policy Association, 1940. Paper, 25 cents. "Study Packet on Latin American Relations to Accompany *The Good Neighbors*." Paper, 25 cents.
- * INSIDE LATIN AMERICA, by John Gunther. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.
- LIBERATORS AND HEROES OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA, by Marion Lansing. Boston, L. C. Page & Co., 1940. \$3.00.
- LOOK AT LATIN AMERICA, by Joan Raushenbush. New York, Foreign Policy Association, rev. ed. 1941. 25 cents. (Headline Books, No. 27.)
- Pan American Union pamphlets, published by the Union, Washington, D. C.: "American City Series" and "American Nation Series." Illustrated booklets on Latin American cities and republics, 5 cents each.
- * PORTS OF THE SUN, by Eleanor Early. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1937. \$2.25.
- * SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS, by Alice Stone Blackwell. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1929. \$3.00.
- STORIES OF THE LATIN AMERICAN STATES, by Nellie Van De Grift Sanchez. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., rev. ed. 1941. \$2.50.
- Survey Graphic*, "The Americas: South and North." March, 1941. 50 cents.

APPENDIX

Religious Problems and Christian Work

- CHURCH IN PUERTO RICO'S DILEMMA, THE, by J. Merle Davis. New York, International Missionary Council, 1942. Paper, 75 cents.
- CUBAN CHURCH IN A SUGAR ECONOMY, THE, by J. Merle Davis. New York, International Missionary Council, 1942. Paper, 75 cents.
- * LATIN AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS, by Winifred Hulbert. New York, Friendship Press, 1935. Paper, 60 cents.
- ON THIS FOUNDATION: THE EVANGELICAL WITNESS IN LATIN AMERICA, by W. Stanley Rycroft. New York, Friendship Press, 1942. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.
- OUTLOOK IN THE WEST INDIES, by Edward A. Odell. New York, Friendship Press, 1942. Paper, 25 cents.
- RELIGION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Kenneth G. Grubb. London, World Dominion Press, 1937. Available from World Dominion Press, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$2.00.
- * TALES FROM LATIN AMERICA, by Frank S. Mead. New York, Friendship Press, 1942. Paper, 50 cents.
- TRAILING THE CONQUISTADORES, by Samuel Guy Inman. New York, Friendship Press, 1930. Paper, 25 cents.
- * WEST INDIAN TREASURES, by Winifred Hulbert. New York, Friendship Press, 1930. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Special Areas

CENTRAL AMERICA

- ACROSS THE ISTHMUS (Panama), by Elizabeth S. Elsbree. New York, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1935. 60 cents.
- BRIDGE OF WATER (Panama), by Helen Nicolay. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1940. \$2.00.
- COSTA RICA AND CIVILIZATION IN THE CARIBBEAN, by Chester L. Jones. Madison, Wisconsin, University of Wisconsin Press, 1935. \$1.50.

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- GUATEMALA, by Erna Fergusson. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1937. \$3.00.
- GUATEMALA, PAST AND PRESENT, by Chester L. Jones. Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1940. \$5.00.
- * GUATEMALA PROFILE, by Addison Burbank. New York, Coward-McCann, Inc., 1939. \$3.50.
- JUNGLE GOLD (Honduras), by Rex Beach. New York, Farrar & Rinehart, 1935. \$2.00.
- MOSQUITO COAST, by Edward P. Keenagh. London, Chatto and Windus, 1938. (Golden Library, No. 23.)
- OUR NEIGHBOR NICARAGUA, by Floyd Cramer. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1929. \$2.00.
- * PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE CANAL ZONE, THE, by Harry A. Franck and Herbert C. Lanks. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1940. \$5.00.
- PANAMA, PAST AND PRESENT, by Farnham Bishop. 1916 edition, revised and enlarged. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1938. \$2.50.
- TRANSCARIBBEAN, by Louis J. Halle. New York, Longmans, Green & Co., 1936. \$3.00.
- WILLIAM WALKER, FILIBUSTER (Nicaragua), by Merritt P. Allen. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1932. \$1.00.

WEST INDIES

- * BEHOLD THE WEST INDIES, by Amy Oakley. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1941. \$4.00.
- BLACK DEMOCRACY (Haiti), by Harold P. Davis. New York, Dodge Publishing Co., 1936. \$2.50.
- BLACK FIRE: A STORY OF HENRI CHRISTOPHE (Haiti), by Avery Johnson. New York, Longmans, Green & Co., 1940. \$2.50.
- BLACK NAPOLEON (Haiti), by Percy Waxman. New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1939. \$1.49.
- * CARIBBEE CRUISE: A BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES, by John W. Vandercook. New York, Reynal & Hitchcock, 1938. Pocket ed. \$2.75.

APPENDIX

- HAITI AND HER PROBLEMS, by Dantes Bellegarde. Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico, 1936. Gratis.
- ISLE OF A HUNDRED HARBORS (Cuba), by Olive G. Gibson. Boston, Bruce Humphries, 1940. \$2.50.
- MANY A GREEN ISLE, by Glanville Smith. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.
- PAGEANT OF CUBA, THE, by Hudson Strode. New York, Random House, 1934. \$2.00.
- * PUERTO RICO, by John W. Thompson. New York, Hastings House, 1940. \$1.50.
- PUERTO RICO AND THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, by Daisy Reck. New York, Farrar & Rinehart, 1939. \$2.50.
- * PUERTO RICO IN PICTURES AND POETRY, by Cynthia Pearl Maus. Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1941. \$2.50.
- PURITAN IN VODOO-LAND, A (Haiti), by Edna Taft. Philadelphia, Penn Publishing Co., 1938. \$3.00.



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